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THE MAGAZINE FOR MAT FANS

A CHAMPION SPORTS PUBLICATION

Wrestling REVUE

OCT./64 50c

Full Color Pin-Up
ED CARPENTIER

MEN ARE EASY FOR BERNIECE LA RUE

THAT BLAZING 6-GIRL TAG MATCH

Guess Who Won –
BRUISER and CRUSHER
vs.
GAGNE and SNYDER

Ed Carpentier's Secrets on Keeping in Condition

How BUDDY ROGERS Became Champion

AROUND THE MAT CIRCUITS IN EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS

The Violent World of Fred Blassie

READERS' pros and cons

HARD BOILED HAGGERTY

FROM THE STARS

Sirs:

Professional wrestling is enjoying its greatest year in Hawaii. The arenas are regularly sold out and the sport has been hogging the #1 slot in the TV ratings. Thanks for all this should go to Ed Francis, one of the nation's youngest promoters and a former wrestler himself, who has spared neither effort nor expense in bringing top attractions to the 50th state. One other person deserves thanks for the big boom—the current Hawaiian champion, Hard Boiled Haggerty. Incidentally, W. R. is so popular on the islands that it's difficult to find a copy anywhere. They sell out as soon as they hit the newsstands.

HARD BOILED HAGGERTY
Santa Monica, Calif.

Sirs:

Thought your readers might be interested in knowing that I'm still undefeated here in the South and continue to hold the Gulf Coast heavyweight title. I've also given tag-team wrestling a whirl, working with several partners (Ken Lucas and George Bell, to name two). So far, though, I've not found anyone I'd want as a permanent partner and have decided to go it alone for a while. I am prepared to defend my title against any worthwhile challenger. Best regards to the folks up Michigan way and to my many wonderful fans everywhere.

DON DUFFY
Mobile, Ala.

THE $50 ISSUE

Sirs:

The mortgage on my house was foreclosed, my wife ran away with an itinerant encyclopedia peddler, my business went bankrupt. Things couldn't be worse for me, sitting lonely and blue in a 75c-a-night flop. Then, while digging in my bindle, looking for something worth hocking, what did I come across? You guessed it . . . a copy of the first issue of Wrestling Revue. Now I got something worth fifty bucks . . . and life ain't hopeless no more!

JOE T. FORDHAM
San Antonio, Texas

Sirs:

I'm the proud owner of W. R.'s first edition and, in fact have every issue except one, Winter/60. That kind of bugs me because it spoils a near-perfect collection of the world's best wrestling publication. But I guess that's the breaks.

PHILIP ROANE, JR.
Hartford, Conn.

Sirs:

Talk about something for the man who has everything! A person really would **have** to have everything to pay fifty dollars for a magazine . . . even W. R.!

WAYNE DREGGORS
DeLand, Fla.

THE FARGOS

THE FARGOS ARE BACK!

Sirs:

Fans everywhere will be happy to learn that Jackie and Don Fargo are back together again, convulsing sellout houses as The Fabulous Fargos. Jet Monroe, brother of Atlanta's favorite, Sputnik, arranged the reunion and is acting as their manager.

HAROLD JOYNER
Fairhope, Ala.

DICK STEINBORN

LIKES STEINBORN PIX

Sirs:

Congratulations are due Dick Steinborn for the wonderful photographs he's been contributing to W. R. I particularly enjoyed the outstanding mood piece he did on Don DeNucci's "Love Affair With a City" (Aug/64). All of which proves that being a top-notch wrestler doesn't preclude talent in other areas.

ANDY FINCH
Atlanta, Ga.

TEX RILEY

Sirs:

The world of wrestling suffered a great shock last May, when Tex Riley passed away after suffering a heart attack. Tex, a real pro in every sense, never failed to give his many fans their money's worth. His loss is already keenly felt.

BETTY LOU HARRIS
Tellico Plains, Tenn.

CHICAGO WRESTLING NOW OKAY

Sirs:

In the Apr/64 Pros and Cons, reader Dieter Warnick bemoaned the sad state of affairs in Chicago wrestling. This is to advise all concerned that we no longer have to put up with such ersatz performers as Bummy Rogers, Bruno Nassartino and Slugger Kowalski. Instead, we're again being thrilled by the world's top stars: Pat O'Connor, the Bruiser, Johnny Valentine and Wilbur Snyder, to name a few. So please remove our fair city from the doldrums list.

DALE KOCH
Chicago, Ill.

Continued on page 6

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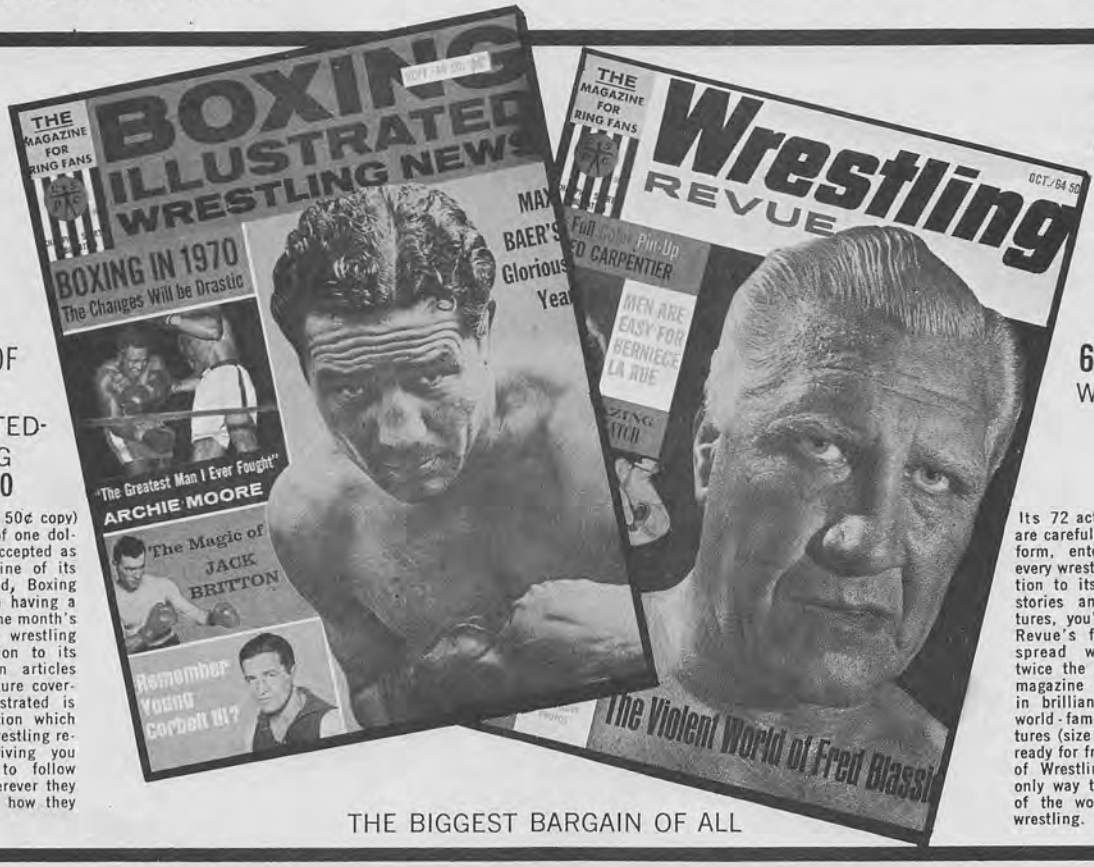

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Wrestling REVUE

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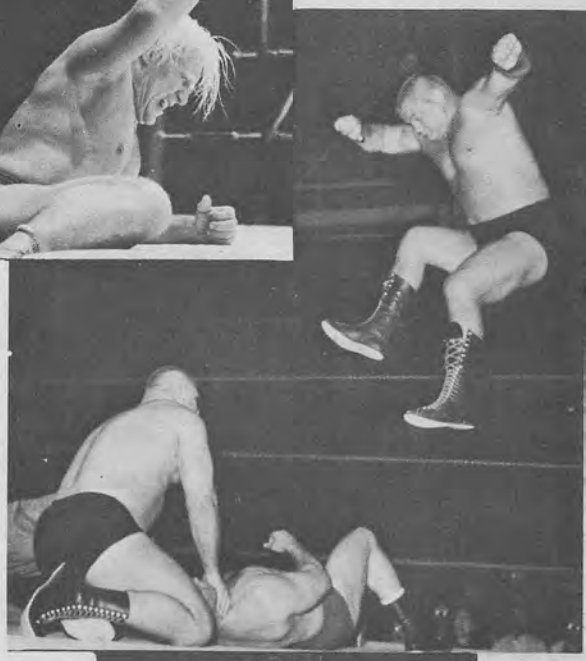

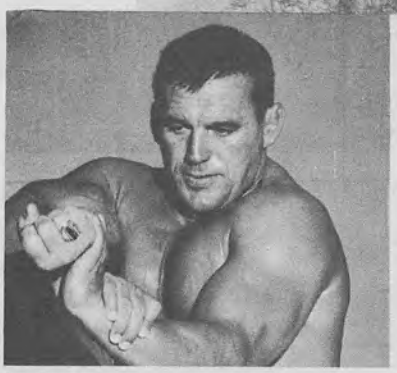

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WRESTLING REVUE, published bi-monthly by Champion Sports Publishing Corp., P.O. Box 384, Rockville Centre, L. I., New York. Address all subscriptions, changes of address and matters pertaining thereto to: Wrestling Revue, P.O. Box 384, Rockville Centre, L. I., New York. Address all editorial and advertising matter to Champion Sports Publishing Corp., 545 Fifth Ave., Suite 602, New York 17, New York. Reprinting in whole or in part forbidden except by written permission of the Publishers. Unacceptable contributions will be returned if accompanied by sufficient first class postage. We cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. SUBSCRIPTION RATES: $3.00 per year in U.S. $3.00 in Canada. $4.00 in all other countries. Foreign subscriptions and sales should be remitted by International Money Order payable in U.S. funds. Second-class postage paid at Rockville Centre, N. Y. and at additional mailing offices. Copyright by Champion Sports Publishing Corporation, 1964.

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READERS' pros and cons

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BUDDY ROGERS

L'AFFAIRE ROGERS AND WALCOTT

Sirs:

Re B. I.'s tall tale "When Buddy Rogers Battled Jersey Joe Walcott" (Aug/64), the author conveniently forgot to mention a few facts: (1) that Jersey Joe was out of shape and no longer a young man; (2) that Rogers was in his prime, and (3) that the whole thing was a fake. I'd like to see Rogers fight Doug Jones or Harold Johnson. Know how long he'd last? Less time than it took you to read this letter!

TOM GILAN
Port Huron, Mich.

FROM THE LONE STAR STATE

Sirs:

Us wranglers in the ol' bunkhouse have only one complaint to make: you've never spun a yarn about our favorite, The Lawman, who's the best thing to come outta Texas since oil. And incidentally, if any of you broncos or fillies would like to come into this great star-packer's corral, just write to: Lawman Fan Club, 720 Houston St., Levelland, Texas.

ROYCE SISK
Levelland, Tex.

• Y'all will be happy to learn that The Lawman is featured in the Sept/64 issue of our sister magazine, Boxing Illustrated. —ED.

MIDGETS

Sirs:

I agree with reader George Bentley (Pros and Cons, June/64) that midgets furnish the most in pure entertainment and skill. I know you've done some wonderful stories on them in the past, but it would be deeply appreciated if further articles on the Little People appear from time to time. I, for one, would be especially interested—for, you see, I happen to be a midget myself.

GRADY O'BRIEN
London, Eng.

WANTS POLLS AGAIN

Sirs:

Of all the things W. R. has done over the years, nothing has ever approached, in sheer interest, the Popularity and Unpopularity Polls you conducted in 1962. Speaking, I'm sure, for all your readers, I urge another "election" for (1) men wrestlers, (2) girl wrestlers, (3) tag teams and (4) midgets.

HERB GREINKE
Cudahy, Wisc.

ANOTHER FUTURE CHAMP WRITES

Sirs:

You will, in the not-too-distant future, be writing reams about the most sensational, the most unbeatable wrestler since Frank Gotch—ME! Right now I'm learning the ropes under the capable guidance of Bibber McCoy, who had a big hand in helping Buddy Rogers and Don Leo Jonathan make it big. And I'm not boasting when I say that my "Bombs Away" finishing hold will far surpass Rogers' "Figure-4" leglock and any other torture yet devised. My debut is scheduled for early '65 and I can only advise today's so-called "stars" to begin thinking of retirement.

WALTER (The Thrasher) BOS
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

MORE BOOSTS FOR THE GALS

Sirs:

I heartily subscribe to the "Girls Wanted" letters that appeared in the June/64 Pros and Cons. Here's another plug for the ladies, not only that they be allowed to appear in New York, but also in New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Even disregarding the pulchritude angle (and that's easier said than done!), it's a fact that the gals put on more skillful, more zestful and far more interesting matches than do their male counterparts. I understand several girl wrestling shows were recently held in England, for the first time since W. W. II. If staid old Britain can unbend to permit girl wrestling, there's no reason why all our "progressive" states can't do likewise.

MICHAEL J. CANNULI
Reading, Pa.

Sirs:

We should barrage our legislators with letters demanding the legalization of girl wrestling. Michigan did it . . . so can we. So c'mon fans, let's start writing!

GEORGE ROBERTS
Asbury Park, N. J.

Sirs:

A wrestling card without girls is like soda without bubbles—no pazazz!

SHELLY O'ROURKE
Bridgeport, Conn.

RAY STEVENS

ON RAY STEVENS

Sirs.

Even though most of the fans (including me) dislike Ray Stevens intensely, we've got to give the so-and-so credit. He's beaten some of the top wrestlers in the business, including everybody's darlings, Pepper Gomez, Wilbur Snyder and Dickie Steinborn. We go to see him licked, but he always disappoints us. So we have to come again and again. And if that doesn't draw the crowds, I don't know what does. I have to close this letter, now, and catch a bus to the arena. Stevens is wrestling tonight . . . and maybe he'll get his lumps this time.

MARY ELLIS
Sacramento, Calif.

Sirs:

I thoroughly enjoyed the Ray Stevens-Joe DeNucci coverage in Boxing Illustrated (June/64). It was very well written and the photos were exceptional. Your readers might be interested to know that there was a 5th Stevens-DeNucci match, in San Jose. Ray won that one after a terrific struggle. But then anytime these two meet, a titanic battle is assured.

JOE POTTGIESER, JR.
San Jose, Calif.

WANTS BLOOD

Sirs:

I get very weary of readers like William D. Holtz and Jean Simpson (Pros and Cons, June /64) advocating the banning of this or that wrestler for using rough stuff. And even more tired of those "fans" who are appalled by the sight of blood. What do they think wrestling is, a garden tea party? Get wise, folks! It's a contact sport and the rougher, dirtier and bloodier it gets, the better. So here's a big hurrah for the Bruisers, the Mad Dogs, the Von Erichs, the Kowalskis, etc. Long may their blood-rain reign!

LARS OLSEN
St. Paul, Minn.

BRUNO SAMMARTINO

ANOTHER VILLAIN FAN

Sirs:

I love villains. I can't stomach those hypocritical hero-types talking about how nice they are. The worst of the bunch is that big watermelon Bruno Sammartino, who has the irritating habit of beating (usually by sneaky tactics) some of the best villains in the business. Gorilla Monsoon, Jerry Graham, Buddy Rogers, and other favorites of mine have all been robbed by him. So come on Kiniski, Bruiser, Stevens and Blassie. Come east and get rid of Sammartino and those other heroes, once and for alll

ANDREW BLATZ
Madison, N. J.

REMEMBERS GORGEOUS GEORGE

Sirs:

I read your story on the career and passing of Gorgeous George (June/64) with sadness. He made some appearances in Mexico City about 10 years ago under the name "Jorge el Hermoso" (George the Beautiful) and those who saw him still remember his valet, scent gun, blond locks and flying hip toss, which we've never seen duplicated. Gorgeous George was a great showman and, as you say, one helluva wrestler.

EUGENIO FELIX SMITH
Saltillo, Mexico

WANTS TAG-TEAM PIN-UPS

Sirs:

How about starting a pin-up series of tag-teams in W. R.'s coming issues? Throughout the country, the tag matches far surpass the singles in popularity and interest. Some of the teams I'd like to see featured in color are The Medics, Killer Kowalski and Gorilla Monsoon, Kurt and Karl Von Brauner and The Kangaroos.

ROBERT JONES
El Paso, Tex.

ONE ALLIANCE AND ONE CHAMP NEEDED

Sirs:

Reader Ben Frentrup (Pros and Cons Aug/64) isn't the only one who hopes wrestling will replace boxing on coast-to-coast TV. I'm sure every fan in the country feels the same way. But it would take more than a promoter, however enterprising, to put the idea across. The real solution would be a merger of all the wrestling organizations into one big alliance, with one—not six or seven—world champion. Only then would the network pundits take our favorite sport seriously enough to consider telecasting the big matches on a national basis.

JOHN DUBEY
Berlin, N. H.

OLD TIMERS BEST

Sirs:

Tom McMahon had a good point when he suggested more stories on the old time wrestlers (Readers Pros and Cons, Feb/64). Articles on the men he named, plus features on Stan and Wladek Zybyszko, Frank Gotch, Hackenschmidt, the Great Gama, Farmer Burns and Joe Stetcher would make wonderful reading and show modern fans what real wrestling was.

WILLIAM D. GRAY
Richmond, Va.

ACCOLADE FOR MORGAN

Sirs:

I watch TV wrestling from Washington, D. C., and never fail to be impressed by announcer Ray Morgan. Week after week, Ray has to put up with the wild ravings and boasts of sundry tubs of blubber who are all mouth and no muscle. Yet he maintains a gentlemanly mien and, in his inimitable urbane manner, manages to keep the show rolling smoothly. Hats off to Ray for a job well done!

JIM REEDER
Williamsport, Pa.

WISH GRANTED

Sirs:

Although you've had some terrific articles on Ed Carpentier in the past, you've never featured him in one of your incomparable pin-ups. I believe that Carpentier, one of the world's outsanding wrestlers, has done more than enough to merit a full-color treatmtent. Don't you?

GORDON R. HANDLER
Ellicott City, Md.

• Yes, we do. See pages 36 and 37.—ED.

YUM-YUM!

Sirs:

In the past, you've had popularity and unpopularity polls. Why not run a "most handsome wrestler" poll? If you do, here's my vote for Nick Spillios (June/64). He's got brains, good looks and a build that's out of this world. In short, he's just yummy! Too bad he's married or I'd be heading for Houston. Maybe I will anyway!

MABEL DEHNER
Little Rock, Ark.

CLOSER TO THE STARS

Sirs:

Though I've only seen Fritz Von Erich and Don Leo Jonathan from a distance, your Apr/64 articles on Fritz ("Von Erich's Other Side") and Don ("The Good Life") led me to feel I know them personally. Both were outstanding character studies and made me realize that things aren't always what they appear to be. "Inside" stories such as these really bring us closer to the mat stars and gives us a viewpoint we'd never get otherwise. Please keep 'em coming!

PEARL EDWARDS
Springfield, Ohio

THE KANGAROOS

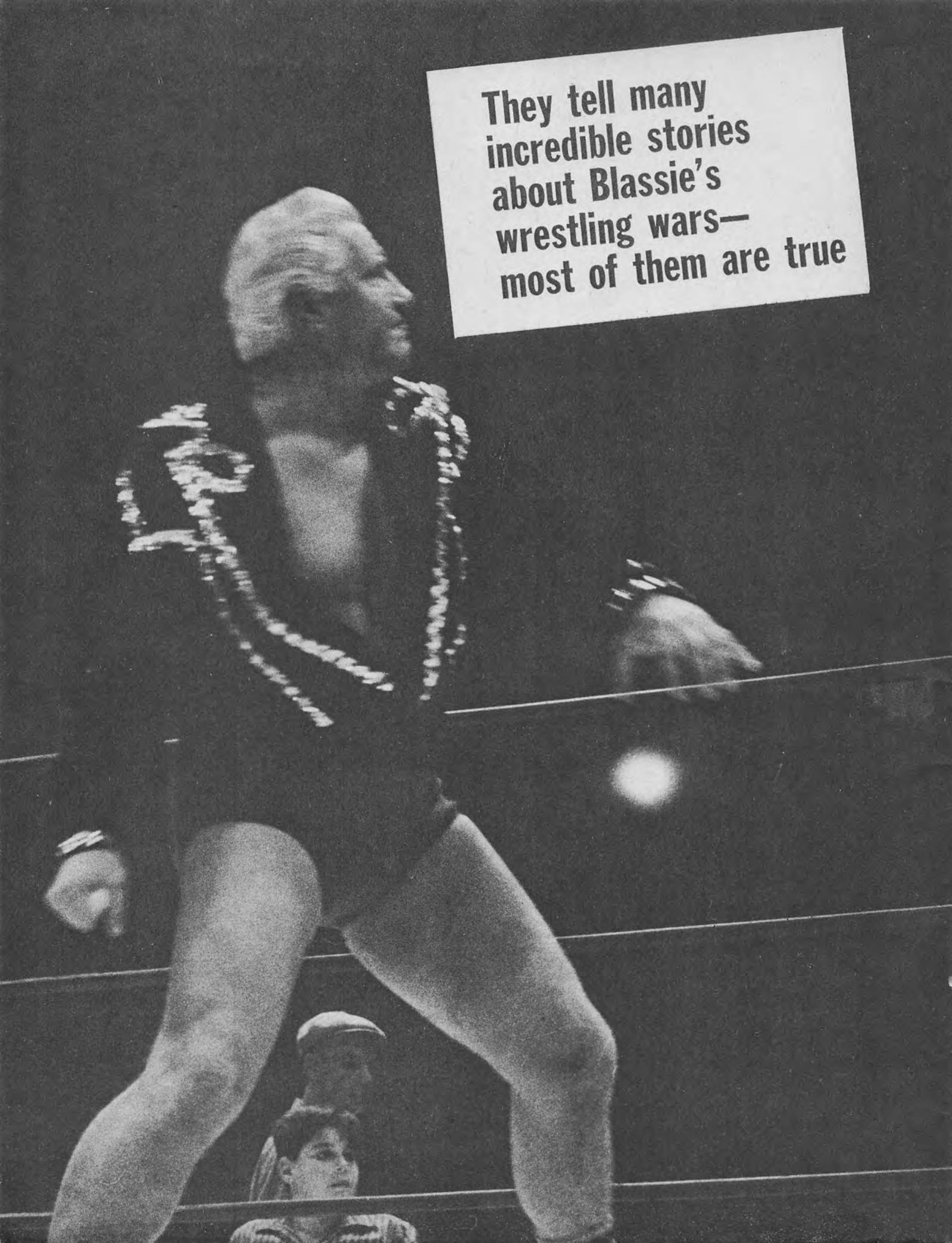
FROM DOWN UNDER

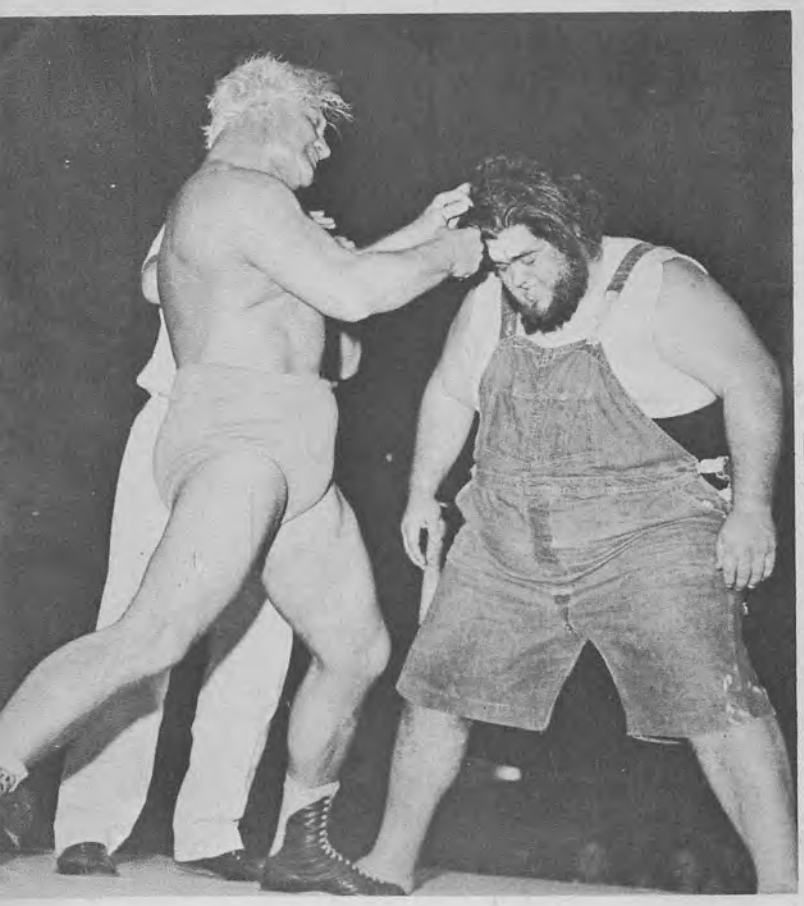
Sirs:

I look forward to each copy I can get of W. R., as I like to know what's going on in United States' wrestling circles. The articles and photographs almost make me feel like a Yank, sitting at ringside. Tell me, is it true that The Kangaroos, who are campaigning in your country, originally came from Australia? Or is this just a rumor I picked up somewhere? Over here, we're particularly fond of the "bad guys" and, as such, found the Von Brauners' story (Apr/64) very entertaining. So please keep those villains coming!

GARY WOODS
Canberra, Australia

• It's no rumor, cobber. The Kangaroos (Al Costello and Roy Heffernan) are Australian nationals. Al, born in Italy, emigrated to Sydney when he was 7. Roy was born in New South Wales.—ED.


They tell many
incredible stories
about Blassie's
wrestling wars—
most of them are true



Blassie went on a biting, hair-pulling rampage when he wrestled Haystacks Calhoun. The sight of this 610-pound morsel made Fred as hungry as a starving man at a fish-fry.

For once at least, Blassie bit off more than he could chew. Charging back after he was blasted from the ring, amiable Haystacks turned tiger and whomped the tar out of Fred.

The Violent World of Fred Blassie

BEFORE LEAVING hometown Santa Monica, Calif., "to show those Easterners what a real wrestler looks like," Fred Blassie told a friend, "People will think I'm bragging but when I get ready to tell my life story I'll need three writers—because it'll take that many to tell it right."

"What are you talking about, Fred?" the friend asked. "I know you've had an extensive career—but all you need is one writer. You'll just have to give him more time to get down all the things you've done."

Blassie shook his leonine head. "You don't understand. My life is divided into three parts—Lover Boy, Man of the World and Champion Wrestler. Each guy will have to be an expert in each subject to do justice to my story."

Blassie was wrong. He doesn't need three writers—or even six. He needs a psychiatrist. For only a man trained in dissecting the human brain can make any sense of a contradictory performer who fails, for example, to see any inconsistency in calling himself the "most hated" and the "most popular" wrestler in the world.

Compounding this contradiction is the weird reaction of many fans who both despise and idolize him. Happily, they do so with a fervor which makes wonderful music at the box office.

Fred is not unaware of this schizophrenic influence. He has, in fact, shrewdly capitalized on it, having developed his technique to such a fine art that he can sway a crowd either way merely by changing the expression on his face.

Blassie is not only a man of violent action but also of violent contrasts. For example, he brags that his "hobby" is "sending my

opponents to the hospital." Yet he is devoted to such gentle pursuits as horticulture. When a newsman called at his home recently, he was surprised to find the terror of the mat on his knees in his backyard, tenderly fingering some prize roses.

Fred insists he has nothing but contempt for wrestling fans. "They're idiots . . . morons," he says vehemently. But in the next breath he pays obeisance to them by saying: "Autograph hounds don't drive me crazy. I'll go crazy when they stop asking me for my autograph."

Though he likes to be called the world's most hated wrestler, Blassie hungrily seeks affection. When he was kingpin of the South a few years ago, he said: "I want people to like me as an individual, not because I am a champion." Despite this yearning, he goes out of his way to be brutal and nasty, displaying a trigger-like temperament that has made him perhaps the loneliest wrestler in the business. But the loneliness hasn't made him miserable. Rather, it has increased his belligerence. "To hell with everybody," he roars, "except Blassie!"

When he dyed his black hair a bright gold in the 1950's and changed from a "nice guy" to a "villain," he altered his philosophy accordingly: "Now that I'm the meanest man in the world, I want to be the richest. But if I can't become a millionaire, at least I want to live like one." Fred hasn't made his million yet. Nor, at the rate he spends money, is he ever likely to make it. But no one doubts that his scale of living rivals that of an oil-rich Mideastern potentate.

He started off modestly—modestly for Blassie—after he captured the Southern heavyweight title. He bought a lavish ranch-type home in an exclusive section of Atlanta, Ga., and spent over $15,000 on the furnishings alone. "My wife," he told a visiting sportswriter, "used to be an interior decorator, so she bought nothing but the best."

The "best" included wall-to-wall carpeting throughout the house, $400 figurines, $700 lamps and other equally expensive objets d'art. But what impressed the visitor even more was the master bedroom. Like the rest of the place, it was done in contemporary modern with an Oriental touch. Dominating the room was a massive 8-by-8-foot bed covered with a colorful silk spread. "As you can see," Fred said grandly, "I like my comfort."

Blassie then drew aside imported silk curtains to show his visitor the two cars parked in his driveway. One was a white Cadillac sedan, the other a white compact used by his wife. "I used to buy convertibles," he said with a wink, "but the fans liked me so much I had to change to sedans." When the perplexed visitor asked why, Fred gestured carelessly and said: "Well, I had four tops slashed in six weeks. Finally, I got the point."

Despite the spacious layout, Fred complained about the "cramped quarters." Reminded that a wife and three husky youngsters can take up a lot of room, he said: "It isn't that. Come here and I'll show you what I mean." He opened closet after closet bulging with clothes.

Usually, it's the woman of the house who grabs most of the closet space. This wasn't so in Blassie's place. Crammed in with his wife's belongings, which included a mink stole and cape, were 25 suits costing $125 and up, 30 pairs of Italian-made shoes, 50 sport shirts, 25 pairs of hand-tailored slacks, 25 sport coats and several drawers full of handknitted $20 socks, plus a

Thousands were turned away when Blassie and the Destroyer fought in Los Angeles. It was a titanic battle between two

villains. Fred showed who was the top villain when he won the deciding fall by ramming the Destroyer into a ringpost.

colorful assortment of wrestling jackets and capes insured for $5,000.

"I never wear the same ring outfit twice in a row," he bragged. Asked about the big diamond sparkler on his finger, he dismissed it casually as "just a little ole 4-carat job"—nothing to compare with the $11,000 ring and diamond-encrusted wristwatch he had given his wife, a charmer from the Carolinas.

Remember, this was back in 1959. When Fred moved to a more spacious home in Santa Monica in January of 1961 after a highly-profitable reign as Southern heavyweight king, he increased not only his wardrobe (replacing the $125 suits with $250 ones) but also his real estate holdings, which then included a few paltry motels in Arizona and St. Louis, Mo., his birthplace.

Blassie is as vain about his clothes as he is about himself ("I'm the world's greatest wrestler as well as the most handsome"). He likes to be called a clothes horse and tells anyone who will listen that virtually everything he wears is tailor-made after his own design: "Take these trousers, for example. They have no back pockets. A lot neater, eh? Same thing with my jackets. No outside pockets. Every Tom, Dick and Harry has pockets. Not Fred. I like something different."

Though he rarely displays it, Blassie has a million-dollar smile. That it's a synthetic one doesn't bother him. "It's the effect that counts," he grins. It costs Fred about $500 a year in dental bills to maintain this effect. That's because his opponents keep knocking out "more teeth than I can remember."

His dental expenses, however, are minor compared with his doctor bills. In the past 16 years, he discloses, "I've suffered a fractured skull and two brain concussions. I've had my nose broken seven times, three fingers of my left hand, both my elbows, my right knee and numerous ribs. Once I had to have my ear cut open and drained to keep it from cauliflowering. In fact, pretty soon I'll be a walking advertisement for a clinic. A chiropractor is going to use my X-rays to show his clients what a body can take."

Significantly, many of Blassie's injuries have been inflicted by enraged fans. "I've been cut five times by knives," he brags, "and I got hit on the head with steel chairs twice in the same week. Once, when I was knifed, I pulled the blade out in my dressing room, bandaged the wound and went right back into the ring. I wasn't going to let those blankety-blanks get the best of me. I showed them just how tough I am!"

Tough he is. But there have been times when his toughness has failed him. Like the night in Milwaukee in 1961. Fred was due to wrestle three opponents but their car broke down and they notified the promoter they couldn't get to the arena in time.

The promoter was frantic. Then he got an idea. He couldn't scare up three substitutes but there was one fellow who'd fit the bill just fine—a massive guy whose 610 pounds equalled the combined weight of the stranded wrestlers.

After telling Blassie his opponents wouldn't show, the promoter added: "But don't worry. I've got a great substitute."

"Yeah, who?"

"Haystacks Calhoun."

Fred's next question was typical: "And who else?"

"Nobody else. Just Haystacks."

Blassie grunted, "Okay, but it'll be a short night."

Fred literally tore into Hay-

stacks, biting, kicking, scratching and trampling all over him. Calhoun didn't complain until Blassie bounced him out of the ring. Storming back, Haystacks gave Blassie the thumping of his life and might have killed him if the referee hadn't stepped in and disqualified Calhoun. Though technically he'd won, Fred ranted about Calhoun's tactics. "If there's anything I can't stand," he summed up smugly, "it's a 'dirty' wrestler!"

Most people who have watched Blassie in action mistakenly classify him as nothing more than a brawler who'd be lost without his gleaming molars. Fred himself fuels this illusion when he says: "It isn't how you play the game but whether you win or lose that counts. All this friendship business is strictly for the birds. If you make money you can cultivate friends, and you can only make money by winning."

But ask anyone who really knows wrestling and you get an entirely different picture. "Fred," one victim grudgingly admitted, "can be as scientific as the best of 'em—when he wants to be, which isn't very often. His specialties are the surfboard, the reverse spinning neckbreaker and something he calls the 'skadoodle headslide.' Don't ask me what that is. All I know is, it's murder."

Another victim revealed an unusual facet of Blassie's wrestling prowess. "I was pretty green when I first wrestled Fred," he said. "But he's such a terrific performer that he made ME look like the winner instead of him."

When it comes to handing out testimonials about Blassie, nobody does it better than Blassie himself. Yet if anyone tries to glamorize his background, he'll snort: "Hell, that's a lotta bunk. I used to be a butcher—and I'm not ashamed to admit it."

Specifically, what he's referring to is all the drivel that has been written about his exploits as a collegiate athlete and as an Air Force pilot. One fictioneer said Blassie had been a four-letterman at St. Louis University and had been offered football contracts by both the Chicago Bears and the Green Bay Packers. Another wrote that he'd shot down a number of Nazi planes. "Imagine," Fred recalls, "one guy even claimed I knocked down an enemy bomber by flinging a wrench at it. The closest I ever came to piloting a plane was when I threw Ray Gunkel with an airplane spin in Atlanta back in 1959."

Actually, Blassie's achievements have been monumental enough without the fictional gloss. In his senior year at McKinley High School in St. Louis, he was chosen all-Missouri fullback. During his two years at St. Louis U. on a sports scholarship, he excelled in four other sports—baseball, track, boxing and wrestling. Then he joined the Navy (not the Air Force), winning the District title in both boxing and wrestling.

When he got out, he tried to combine boxing and wrestling until Jack Dempsey, whom he'd always admired, bluntly told him to give up fighting. "Your arms are too short," Jack said. "You'll get murdered. My advice is to go in for what you can do best—and from what I've seen, you'll make a very good wrestler."

Fred took Jack's advice but not until after he'd had a number of fights, including bouts with Lee Oma, Billy Conn, Archie Moore and Tony Galento (Galento flattened him in two rounds).

"I'm glad I followed Jack's advice," Blassie says. "The wrestling game has been good to me."

What about those pro football contracts? Fred smiled. "There were no contracts. Oh, I got a few nibbles of interest—but nothing more."

Occasionally, however, Blassie betrays a flicker of regret over his aborted fighting career. "A few years after I became a wrestler," he says, "Rocky Marciano, with a 68-inch reach—the same as mine—won the world heavyweight title."

Still, Blassie hasn't done too badly since he roared out of St. Louis. Like champion Lou Thesz, another Hungarian from the same neighborhood, he learned his trade from the great George Tragos. In 1952, he sampled living on the West Coast, liked it—and decided to stay, especially when he learned he could augment his income as an actor.

Fred fought some of his bloodiest battles against Rikidozan, the Japanese champ. He chewed Riki up so badly in Tokyo that the fans called him Chisuikomori, Japanese for vampire.

As he puts it: "I got connected with the movie industry" and played the tough guy in films with Victor Mature, Susan Hayward, Kirk Douglas, Burt Lancaster, Marilyn Monroe and other stars. He also appeared in such TV series as *Boston Blackie, Racket Squad, Dragnet, I Love Lucy* and *My Little Margie.*

It's not true, as some snide reports have it, that he was "dropped" because he was a big ham. "Acting," he recalls, "was fun and the pay was good, but I liked wrestling too much to give it up."

Fred did have one problem in his theatrical career, but he's not shy about revealing it: "One producer told me I was too handsome to play the part of a tough guy!"

To make money in wrestling requires a lot of traveling. So

Fred reluctantly left Hollywood. On his way to Atlanta, he picked up a string of titles, among them the Pacific Coast crown, the Rocky Mountain, Texas and Florida championships and then the Southern title, which he held longer than any other wrestler.

Blassie captured the Southern crown by beating Don McIntyre. Don protested his loss as a "fluke," demanded a rematch, got it—and was given an even worse beating. Chewing up an endless series of other opponents, Fred held on to the title for so long that most fans thought he owned it. Finally running out of competition, he decided it was time for a change of scenery. "I was beginning to feel tied down," he said. So he picked up stakes and moved to the West Coast.

There, he scored even bigger triumphs, including a sensational win over Edouard Carpentier on June 12, 1961, for the California version of the heavyweight title. Many insisted Blassie didn't really win. "Carpentier," they said, "beat himself. He hurt his knee and couldn't continue."

"Tough," said Blassie with contempt. "If he could wrestle, he wouldn't have to depend on gymnastics. So he tried a flip—and flopped. So he sprained his knee. What am I supposed to do—be a gentleman and call it off until he feels better?"

If Blassie had any friends before the bout, he had none as he left the Sports Arena. Every man, woman and child—13,200 strong, who paid a record $40,169—hated his guts. Sputtering with rage, one guy called Fred "an old woman." "You ought to know," Fred shot back. "You're married to one."

In 1962, Blassie engaged in a series of duels with the late Japanese champion, 245-pound Rikidozan. Listening to Fred, you'd think he beat Riki every time. The truth is that he lost his title in Los Angeles in March of that year. In Tokyo the following month, he dropped two out of three. Back in Los Angeles in July, he gashed the Japanese so badly that the referee stopped it.

The bouts in Japan were, as usual, savage affairs, with Blassie chawing great hunks of meat out of Riki. When Fred returned to the States, a reporter asked him if it was true, as reported in the press, that five Japanese had dropped dead of heart attacks while watching him wrestle on TV.

"Twelve," said Blassie without batting an eyelash.

"How did they treat you in Japan, Fred?"

"They went crazy over me. I'm *ichibon*—No. 1—over there. People followed me everywhere. There's no doubt about who's the greatest gate attraction in the world. That's me."

"That's not the way I heard the story, Fred. You certainly pulled in record crowds, but I understand the fans hated you so much they called you *chisuikomori*—the Japanese word for vampire."

"Oh, they hated me in the ring, all right. It was because of my bite—they can't stand blood over there. But outside the ring, they all loved me. They'll never forget me now. As I said, I'm *ichibon*—not to mention the greatest."

Fred bristles when asked how long he can continue to wrestle the way he does. Reports of his age vary from 32 to 35. But many put the figure in the 40's. Fred himself isn't telling. "Who cares about age?" he snarls. "I feel better than ever!"

He certainly looks it. Yet, oddly enough, he doesn't spend much time in the gym. "Gym work is okay," he says, "if you can't get matches. But I wrestle nearly every night. You don't develop good teeth by eating mush. And a wrestler doesn't keep sharp on theory and going through the motions in a gym."

Blassie's sparing diet undoubtedly has a big effect on his condition: skimmed milk and a hard-boiled egg for breakfast; cottage cheese, pears, skimmed milk and a broiled steak for lunch, and only a hard-boiled egg and more skimmed milk for supper.

He supplements this diet with 30 different kinds of vitamin pills which cost him at least $75 a month. "These things keep me healthy," he says. "You know what they say about the good dying young. Well, I'm the meanest man in the world."

He didn't have to convince the fans about *that* when he wrestled Bruno Sammartino in Roosevelt Stadium, Jersey City, N. J., last June 26. A record total of 12,000 spectators, who paid $38,562, nearly rioted when he won a hotly-disputed decision after kicking Bruno in the groin while the referee was out of the ring.

Just after the referee flipped to the floor in a freak accident, Sammartino applied his famous Bearhug. "Blassie said he had enough, so I let him down," Bruno explained later. "I didn't know the referee was out of the ring. The next thing I know, Blassie sneaks up behind me and kicks me in the groin."

"I won fair and square!" Fred bellowed. "I kicked him in the neck and he grabbed his groin. Sammartino has no guts. I proved that tonight."

He couldn't prove it with the fans, though. Among the letters that flooded WRESTLING REVUE's offices was a typical protest from James Szalay of Hillside, N. J. Szalay blasted Blassie's tactics and concluded: "Ban Blassie before it's too late!"

But Blassie pays no attention to such criticism. His classic answer is always the same: "The fans are a bunch of morons!" ■

Blassie reels from blow to the jaw by ex-champion Dick Hutton. But a second later, he blazed back, hammered Hutton into the ropes and sank his teeth into Dick's face and neck.

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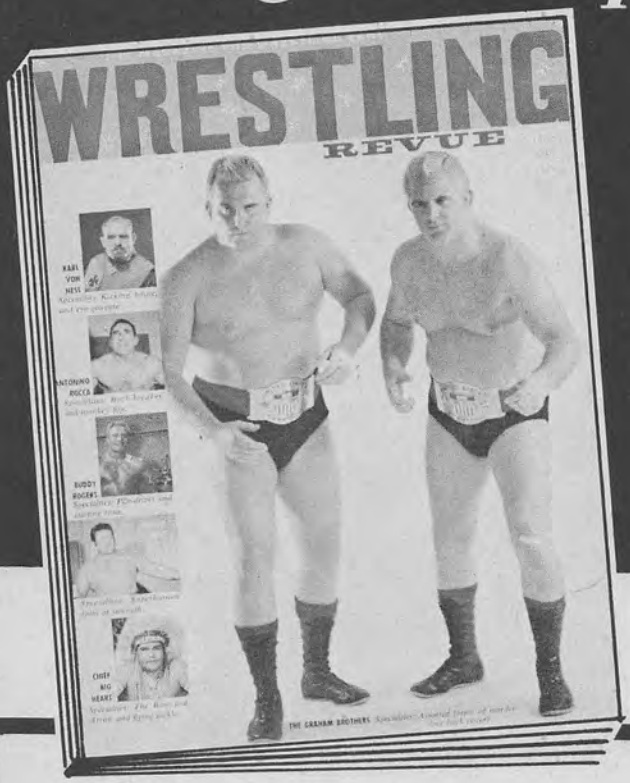

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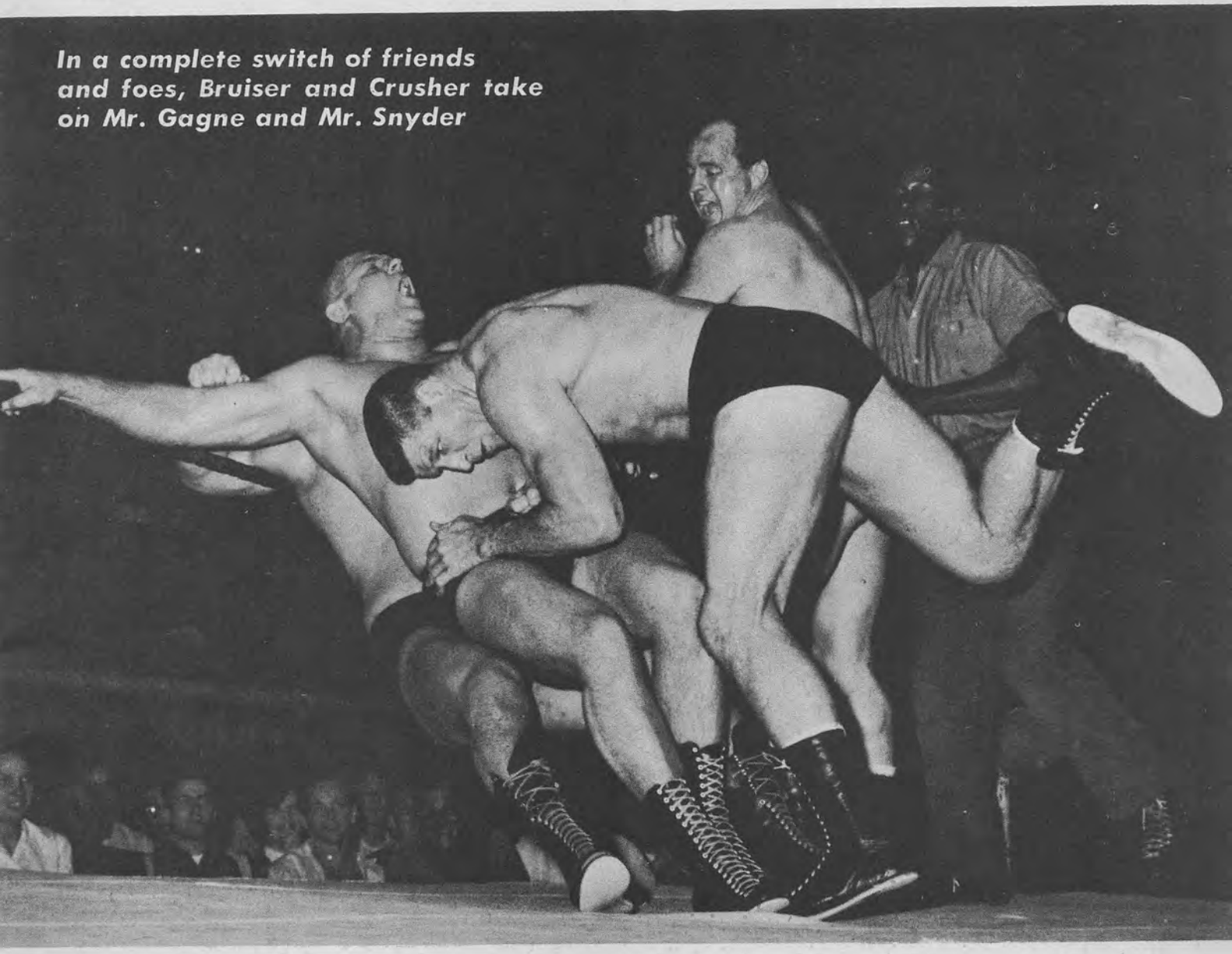
OLD PARTNERS NEVER DIE... They Just Batter Each Other



In a complete switch of friends and foes, Bruiser and Crusher take on Mr. Gagne and Mr. Snyder

With the fans yelling encouragement, Gagne steps out of the way to give his partner a crack at Crusher (on top) and the Bruiser.

WITH SOME PEOPLE, familiarity breeds contempt. With others, it goes a step further—it breeds hatred and violence. This was the case when four wrestlers, three of them former tag team partners, met recently in Moline, Ill. The result: an explosion of atomic proportions.

Aside from the violence, what made this bout unusual was the fact that it brought together two natural enemies — Crusher Lisowski and the Bruiser, whose blazing hatred for their opponents, Wilbur Snyder and Verne Gagne, was so intense it outweighed their enmity for each other.

To understand the significance of the switch, consider this background: not long ago, Bruiser and Snyder teamed up in an alliance that shook the mat world. It couldn't last, and it didn't last. The partnership finally crumbled over a spat of bad blood.

Bruiser's brief alliance with Gagne blew up for the same reason. As for Crusher, his contempt for Verne, whom he calls a "turkey-necked rassler," is too well known to repeat. So when these four met, it was a Donnybrook to end all Donnybrooks.

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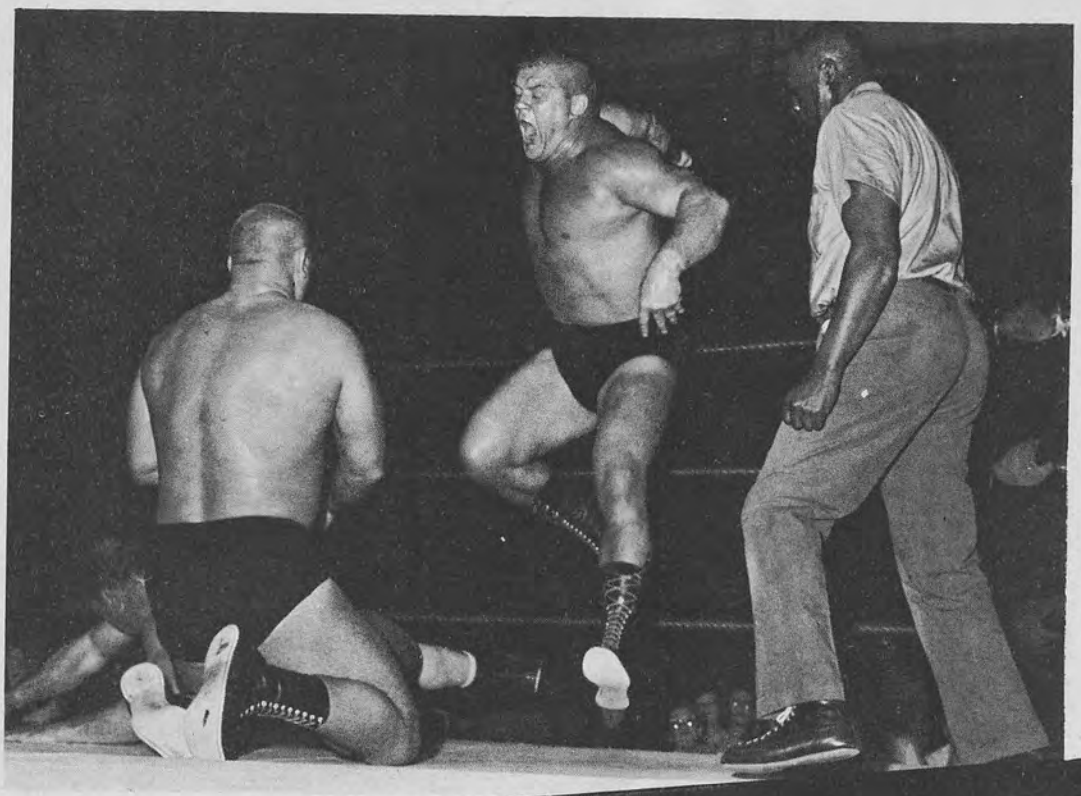
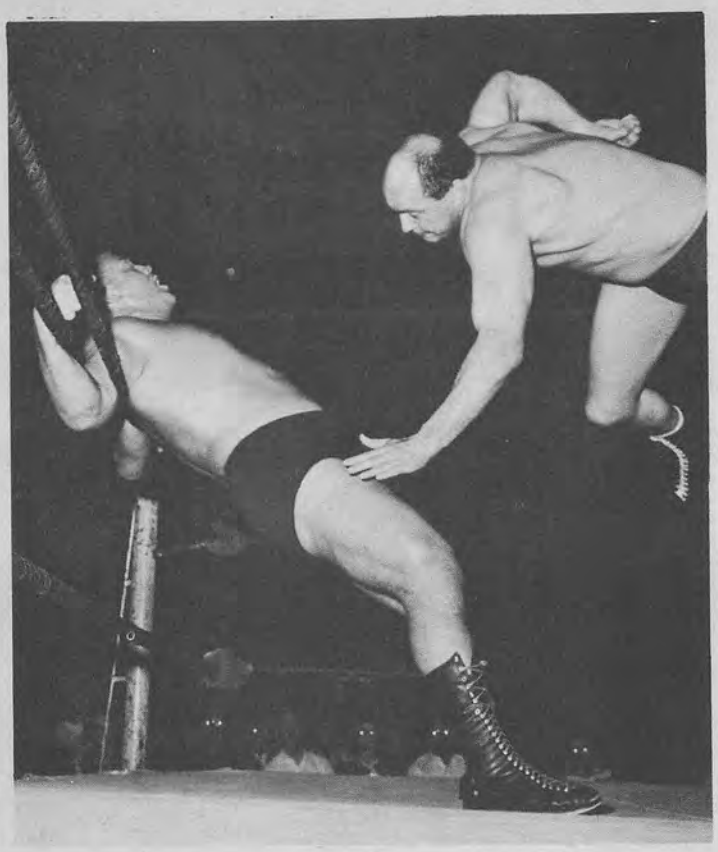


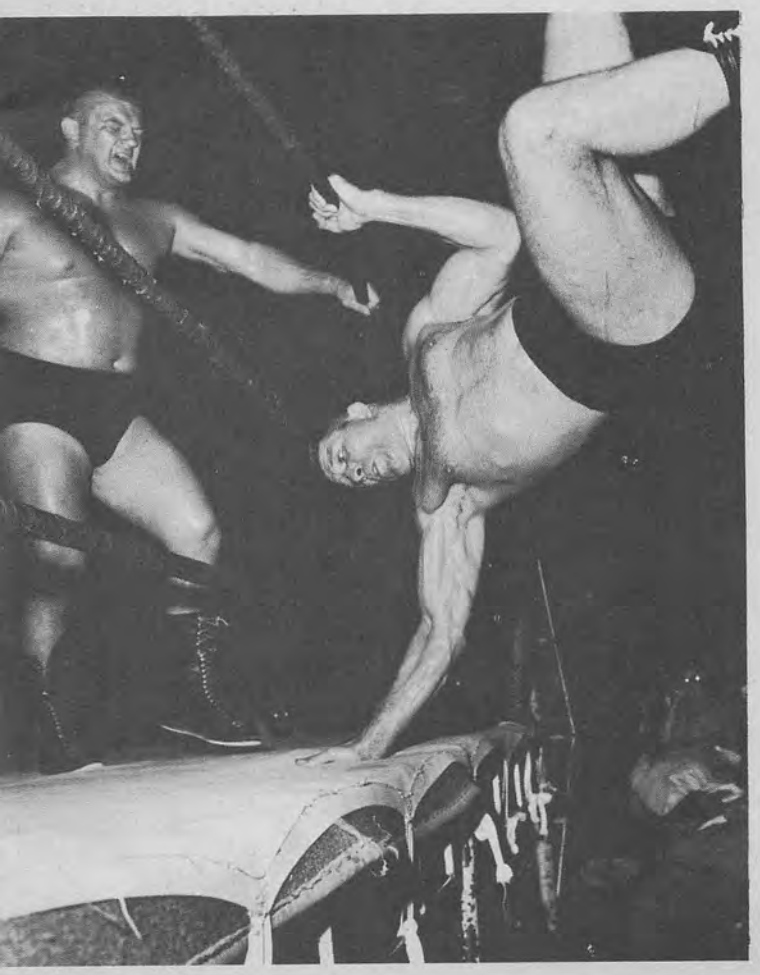
Lisowski temporarily lets up on Verne after stunning him but Bruiser, showing no mercy, leaps in to finish the job before Snyder (off camera) can get to Gagne's aid. Then Wilbur got into the action and the ring came alive with flying arms and legs.

Bruiser was so revved up that, after kicking Verne in the head and belly, he concentrated all his attention on Snyder. Here, he winds up to catapult Wilbur out of the ring.

Referee tries to intervene as the two monsters gang up on Snyder along the ropes. Bruiser (left) deliberately maneuvered Wilbur to a corner so that Crusher could hammer him.



Freed by the referee, Snyder limped to the ring apron. Then Verne roared out, tied Bruiser up in the ropes and pounded away. But Bruiser roared back to win the first fall.



Ringsiders scattered when the Bruiser, hoping to end things quickly, blasted Snyder over the ropes. Wilbur luckily grabbed the top strand just in time to avoid a nasty spill.

Text continued from page 15

If the fans had any complaint, it was that they found the match somewhat hard to follow because Crusher and Bruiser look so much alike. In fact, at one point, several ringsiders argued over who had blasted Snyder out of the ring. Finally, one fan shut them up by scowling: "Who cares? Just as long as none of those guys lands in my lap!"

For the record, Bruiser took the first fall in 14:56 by disposing of Gagne with a piledriver and a body press. Verne roared back to even the score by dropkicking Lisowski in 2:35.

The third fall action was so furious that the fans hoped it would go on all night. But nobody could keep up such a savage pace. At 6:05, after one of the wildest finishes ever seen at Moline's Wharton Field House, Crusher pinned Snyder after softening him up with body slams and elbow smashes.

When it was all over, one fan, commenting on how many times the action had exploded outside the ring, said: "I don't know why those guys bother usin' ropes. They could use an arena all by themselves!"

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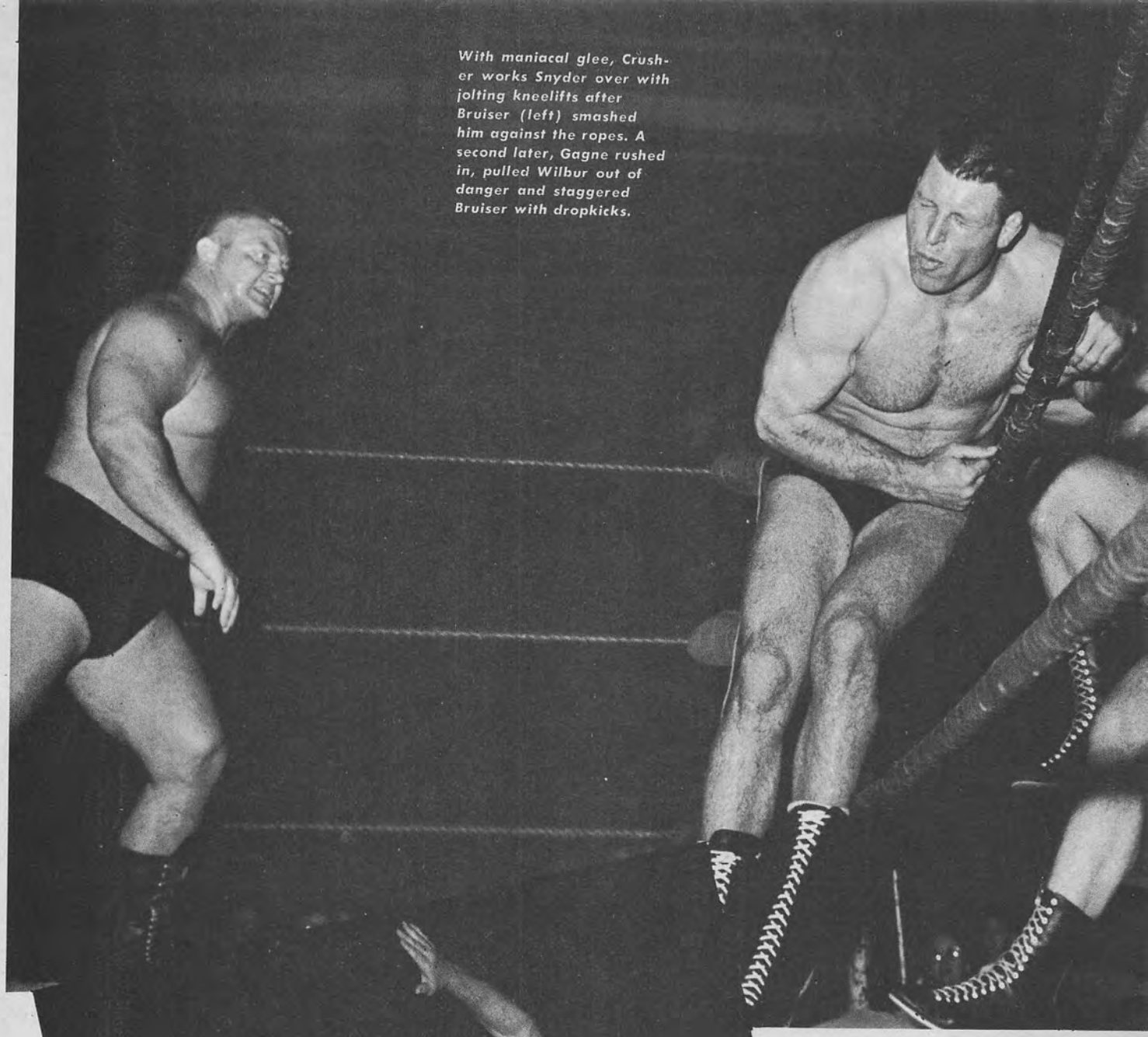
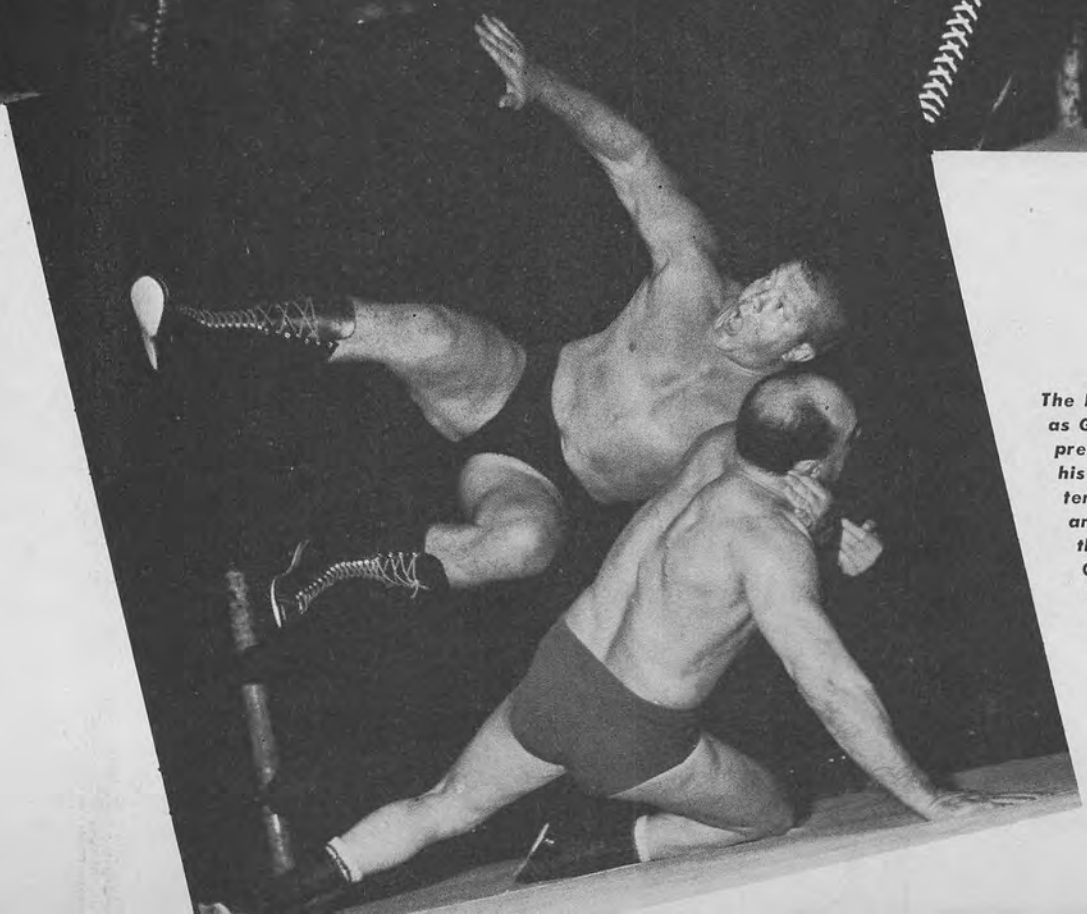
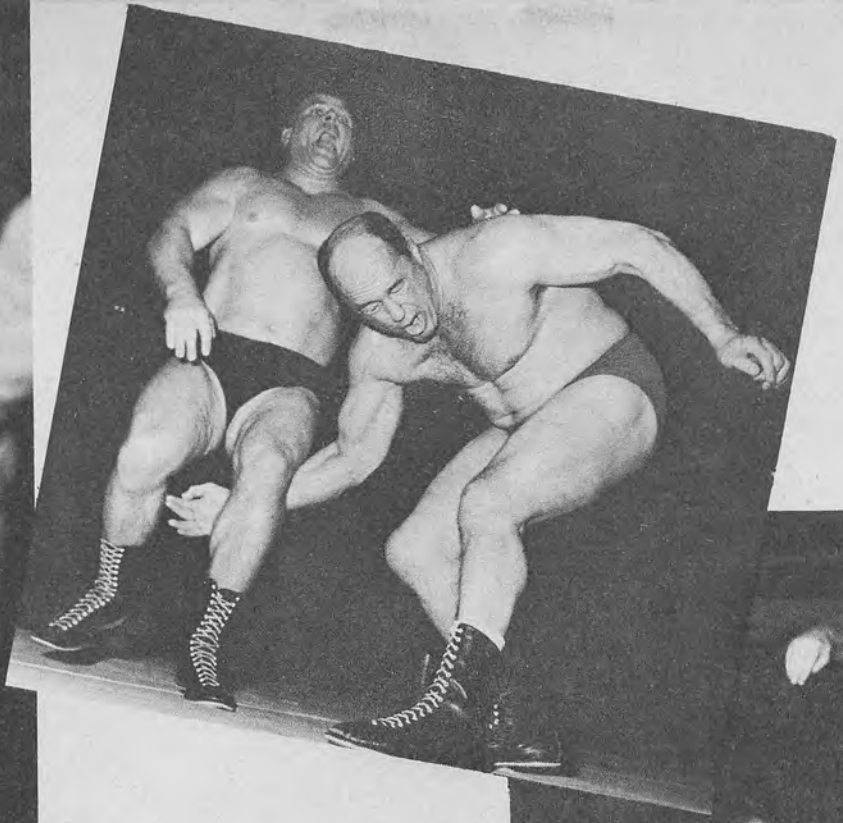


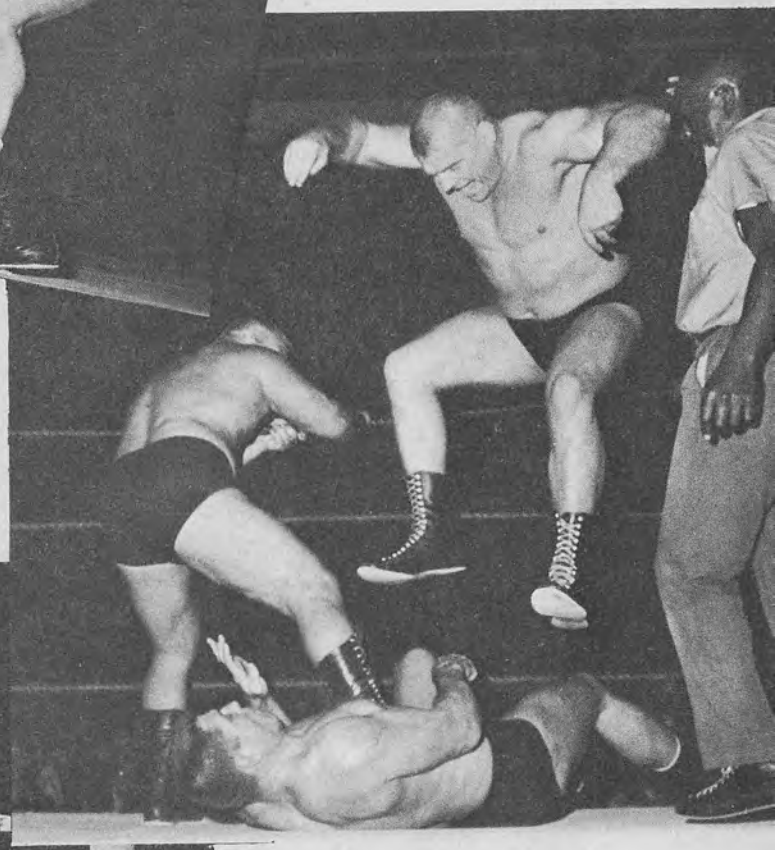
With maniacal glee, Crusher works Snyder over with jolting kneelifts after Bruiser (left) smashed him against the ropes. A second later, Gagne rushed in, pulled Wilbur out of danger and staggered Bruiser with dropkicks.



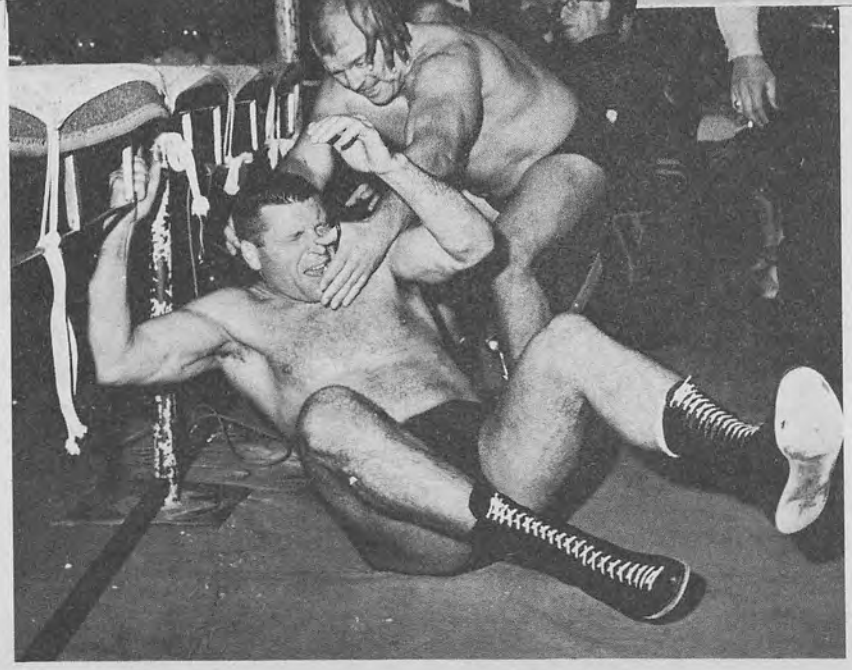
The Bruiser looks stunned as Gagne, pouring on the pressure, flips him over his back. After battering him with forearm smashes, Verne then went after Crusher and dropkicked him to win the second fall.



Charging out in the blazing third fall, Verne and Crusher collide in mid-ring and reel from the impact. Gagne recovered first and tried to apply his dreaded Sleeper hold, but Crusher wrenched out of his clutches.



As the battle roared to a climax, Bruiser held Snyder down while Crusher leaped off the ringpost for a grand slam. But Wilbur moved slightly and Crusher failed to land squarely.



Referee tries to prevent Crusher from mauling Snyder after action spilled to the floor in one of the wildest scrambles ever seen in Moline. Back in the ring, Crusher finally clinched the bout by body-slamming Wilbur in 6:05.

Jerry Kozak crumbles under the kneedrop that Cody used to batter far heavier foes—like 410-pound King Kong, Orient champ, and the giant Indian, Dara Singh.

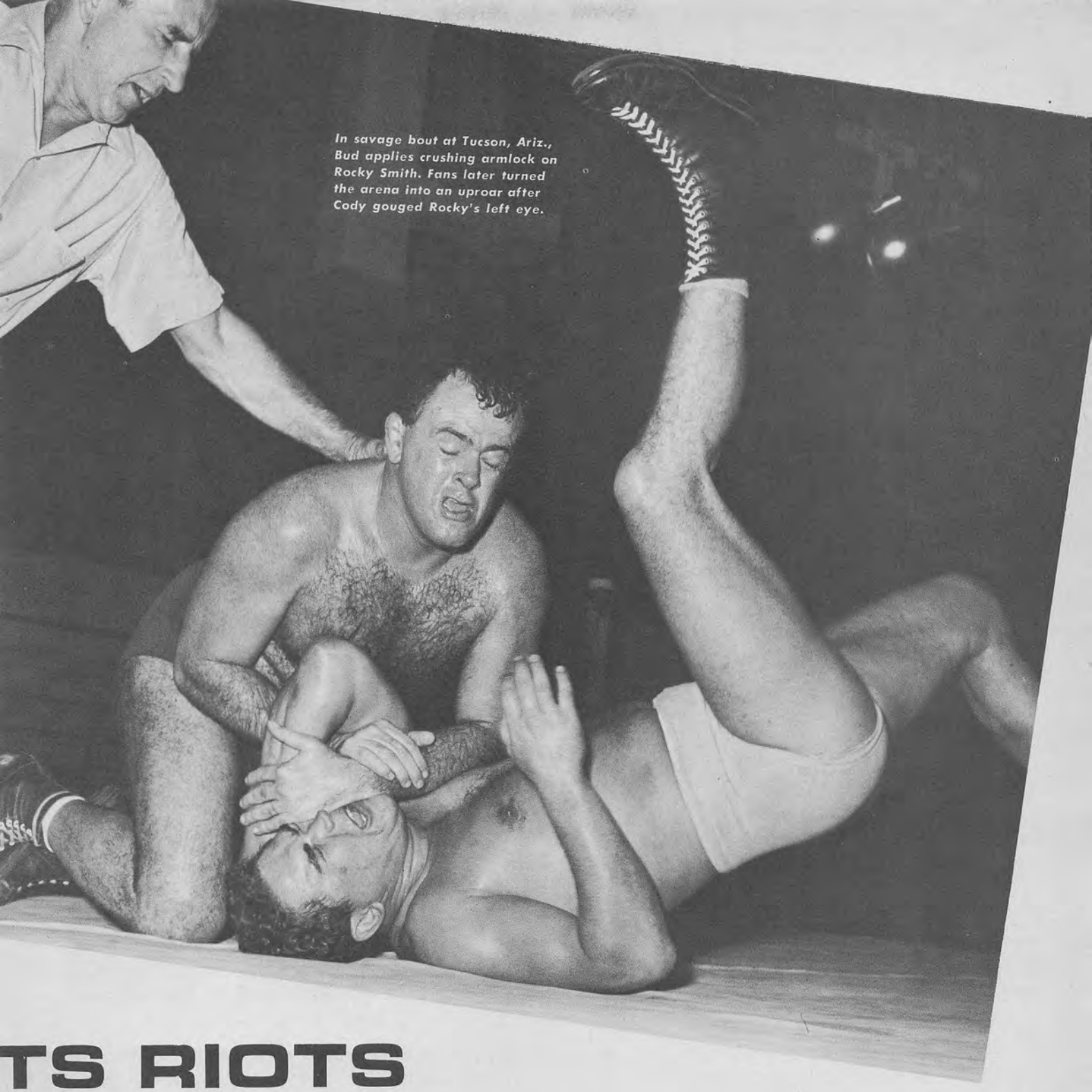
HE STAR

Bud Cody is a fine man to talk to. He'll even take you riding in his airplane, and cook you special Australian dishes. But when he goes after an opponent, all hell breaks loose

BY JAMES LONGSTREET

GLOBETROTTER BUD CODY, who hails from Australia, had just finished whipping a tricky opponent in Athens when a Greek wrestling fan approached him.

"I enjoyed your performance tonight, Mr. Cody," he said in badly-fractured English. "But one thing puzzles me. It says here on the program card that it took you two years to win the amateur light heavyweight championship of Australia . . ."



In savage bout at Tucson, Ariz., Bud applies crushing armlock on Rocky Smith. Fans later turned the arena into an uproar after Cody gouged Rocky's left eye.

TS RIOTS

He paused. Then: "Tell me—why did it take you so long?"

Anybody else would have bristled at the inference. But Cody just grinned. He knew the query hadn't been meant as a knock. Far from it. Amazed by the Aussie's flashy maneuvers, the Athenian felt that a man of Cody's obvious talents should have captured the title a lot sooner.

Bud accepted the oblique compliment gracefully and patiently explained the facts of Australian wrestling life. "Did you ever try to grab a kangaroo by the tail?" he asked. "Well, that's the way those bloomin' countrymen of mine wrestle. Hop all over the place, they do. So it takes longer to catch 'em!"

Once he had whizzed out of the kangaroo country, barrel-chested Cody moved as fast as the two-engined plane he uses to keep his tight schedule all over the world.

Oddly enough, if it hadn't been for aviation,

Bud might never have become a wrestler. His big goal, at Sydney College, was to be a pilot. But after several cramped sessions in the air, he felt the need to stretch his muscles.

That led to regular workouts in a local gym and, then, to testing his strength on the mat. Bud soon discovered that he liked wrestling even better than flying and joined the Australian Boys Police Club, where he faced some of the best amateurs in Sydney.

Turning pro after winning the amateur title, Cody proved so popular that he was swamped with offers from all over Australia. Regretfully, he had to decline many of them.

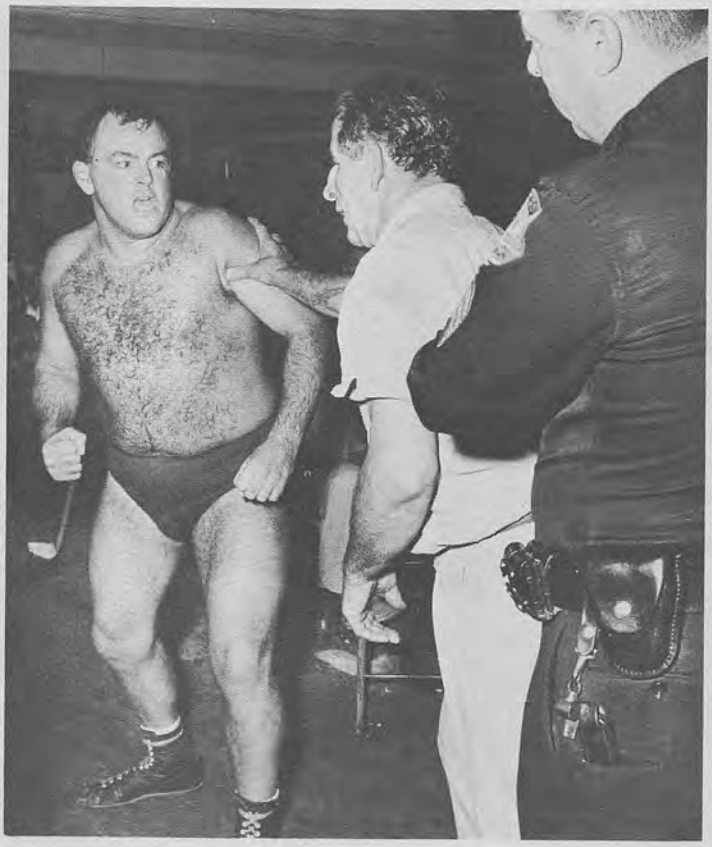
small cabin.

The flight from Bombay to Athens had been especially wearing. Bud skimmed past the bustling port of Piraeus, banked sharply to view the Parthenon atop the historic Acropolis and then bounced to a landing at Athens Airport.

Shoving open the cabin door, Cody stepped onto the wing and jumped to the ground. As his feet hit the concrete, a pain shot up his back. "Damn!" he growled. The trip had taken more out of him than five matches.

An hour later, unable to sleep, Cody twisted and turned in his bed at the Hotel George V. The tick-tock of the clock on his dresser sounded

When the uproar subsided, Bud used more orthodox methods to soften Rocky, like this Boston Crab. Smith finally wormed loose and floored Cody with repeated shots to the belly . . .



. . . But Bud bounced back to finish off his opponent with an assortment of aerial maneuvers and was so full of fight that he had to be yanked off Rocky and pushed out of the ring.

One sunny afternoon, while out for a flying session, he pondered his problem. It was a pity to let all those fat pound notes go down the drain. If only he had a private plane, he could accept the engagements with time to spare.

The next step—buying a plane—was so obvious he wondered why he hadn't thought of it before. With the money from his next bout, Cody put a down payment on a sleek two-seater and zoomed off on his first whirlwind tour.

There were disadvantages to flying, of course. After several hours aloft Bud, a gregarious fellow, would be seized with loneliness. On top of that, his muscles got stiff from inactivity in the

as loud as drumbeats. Angrily, he stuffed it under a chair pillow.

Then he heard the piercing cries of fishermen hawking sponges in Constitution Square. Slamming the window shut, he muttered: "I've got to get some sleep." Bud needed all the energy he could muster; he was going against a tough Greek that night.

Gulping a fistful of aspirin, Cody finally drifted off. After a few hours of fitful slumber, he awoke, still dog-tired, and headed for the arena.

Bud's opponent, beefy Mike Dimitre, only added to his jitters by showing up late. "He did it deliberately," Cody stormed. "He's trying to

get my goat."

If that was Dimitre's intention, he succeeded. The Australian grew angrier by the second and when Mike finally appeared, Bud was ready to eat him alive.

The Greek idol looked puny compared with some of the behemoths Cody had been tackling while leapfrogging across the Orient and India.

In humid Singapore, Bud had hurled his might against 410-pound "King Kong," champion of the Orient. In picturesque Bombay, he had drawn against the giant Indian champion, Dara Singh, before 60,000 shrieking fans.

Dimitre looked "easy." But before Bud was through, he felt as if he had been through the Trojan War. Dimitre, recognized as one of Europe's top wrestlers, fared even worse. He was a sorry sight as he plopped wearily onto his stool.

In his dressing room, Cody—who had been thumbed in the right eye—examined himself in the mirror. Gingerly, he touched the bandage and grinned. "I look like a one-eyed pirate," he said with a chuckle.

Bud drew curious sidelong glances the next morning when he hopped a cab for the airport on his way to his next engagement in Copenhagen. But he didn't care. He patted the wallet in his breast pocket. It bulged with drachmas, more than the average Greek earns in a year.

Cody thrilled wrestling fans in 18 countries before he invaded the United States. With him was his petite, dark-haired wife, Helen. "I'm running out of countries," Bud cracked when he arrived. "Pretty soon, I'll have to start looking for matches in outer space."

But that trip won't be necessary for a long time. Cody has enough work lined up to keep him in America for years. He likes it that way. "The more the merrier," he says, thinking of those Yankee dollars.

Recently, in Phoenix, Ariz., he gave Rocky Smith a shellacking that nearly precipitated a riot. A group of fans, enraged by Cody's rough tactics, were about to pounce on him when the police stepped in.

Before they did, however, one native slugged Bud from behind. Then the fan leaped into the air as if he had been burned. Fact is, he *had* been burned. With an innocent air, Bud's wife had stuck the live end of her cigar into the man's back.

Oh, yes, Helen smokes cigars. Bud had been trying to break her of the habit. "I love my wife," he had once said, "but I can't stand her smoking those damn cigars."

After she came to his aid, he said, "Honey, what brand are you smoking?"

Helen looked surprised. "Why, Bud?" she asked.

Cody grinned. "I want to buy you a whole carload of 'em!" ■

Every wrestler works better when he has something to fight for. In Cody's case, it's his pretty, dark-haired wife, Helen, who smokes cigars. Is that bad? Bud doesn't think so—and for a very good reason.

This was the scene in Comiskey Park when a record crowd of 38,622, paying $141,345,

THE NIGHT ROGERS

It happened more than three years ago in Chicago, but those who were there are still talking about it

Strutting into the ring, Rogers is confident that he can capture the crown he has coveted for 15 years.

"KILL 'IM, NATURE BOY. KILL 'IM! Oh, you Nature Boy . . . !"

The squeaky voice, emanating from somewhere around second base, trembled a bit. But there was no mistaking the fervor behind it.

You could hear the cry loud and clear above the hoots and catcalls that cascaded over Chicago's Comiskey Park as Buddy Rogers strutted arrogantly into the ring.

A fan who had jammed into the ballpark along with the 38,621 others on that balmy night of June 30, 1961, was startled by the yell.

"It was the craziest thing," he said later. "I turn around to see who's givin' my ears the double whammy and I see this little old lady in a blue cotton dress and a floppy hat.

" 'Take it easy, grandma,' I tell her. 'The bout ain't even started yet. Besides, the champ is gonna make pretzels outta that

turned out for the world title match between Buddy Rogers and champion Pat O'Connor.

BECAME CHAMPION

bum Rogers.'

" 'Young man,' she says, sounding like my old grammar teacher in P.S. 52, 'I traveled 1,500 miles to root for my boy—and I'm going to get my money's worth!'

"I didn't get a chance to ask her what she meant by 'my boy' because another Rogers rooter gave me the elbow and splashed my Coca Cola all over my shirt. By the time I got mopped up, the bout was on—and it sure was a beauty."

He said a mouthful.

So had Rogers, in the previous two years. With derisive scorn, the blond-haired terror from Camden, N. J., had been giving champion Pat O'Connor an awful lambasting—in print.

"I had to shame him into meeting me," Rogers sneered.

Now he had what he wanted—a crack at the crown he had coveted for 15 years. And something else: his running word battle had brought out a record crowd that shelled out an all-time high of $141,345 to see Buddy put up or shut up.

And most of the fans were hoping that the quiet, dignified O'Connor would shut him up—for good!

O'Connor, who had developed his tremendous muscles shearing sheep on his father's sheep farm in New Zealand, planned to do just that.

He had proved his championship qualities the hard way, shearing his way through all opposition until he toppled champion Dick Hutton in a memorable match on Jan. 9, 1959.

O'Connor had defended his crown against all comers, and though he scorned foul tactics, he could get plenty rough—as many a victim could testify. And this was a night to get rough—and in spades! Rogers—one of the biggest bullies to come down the pike in more than a decade—promised to give Pat a postgraduate lesson in the art of mayhem.

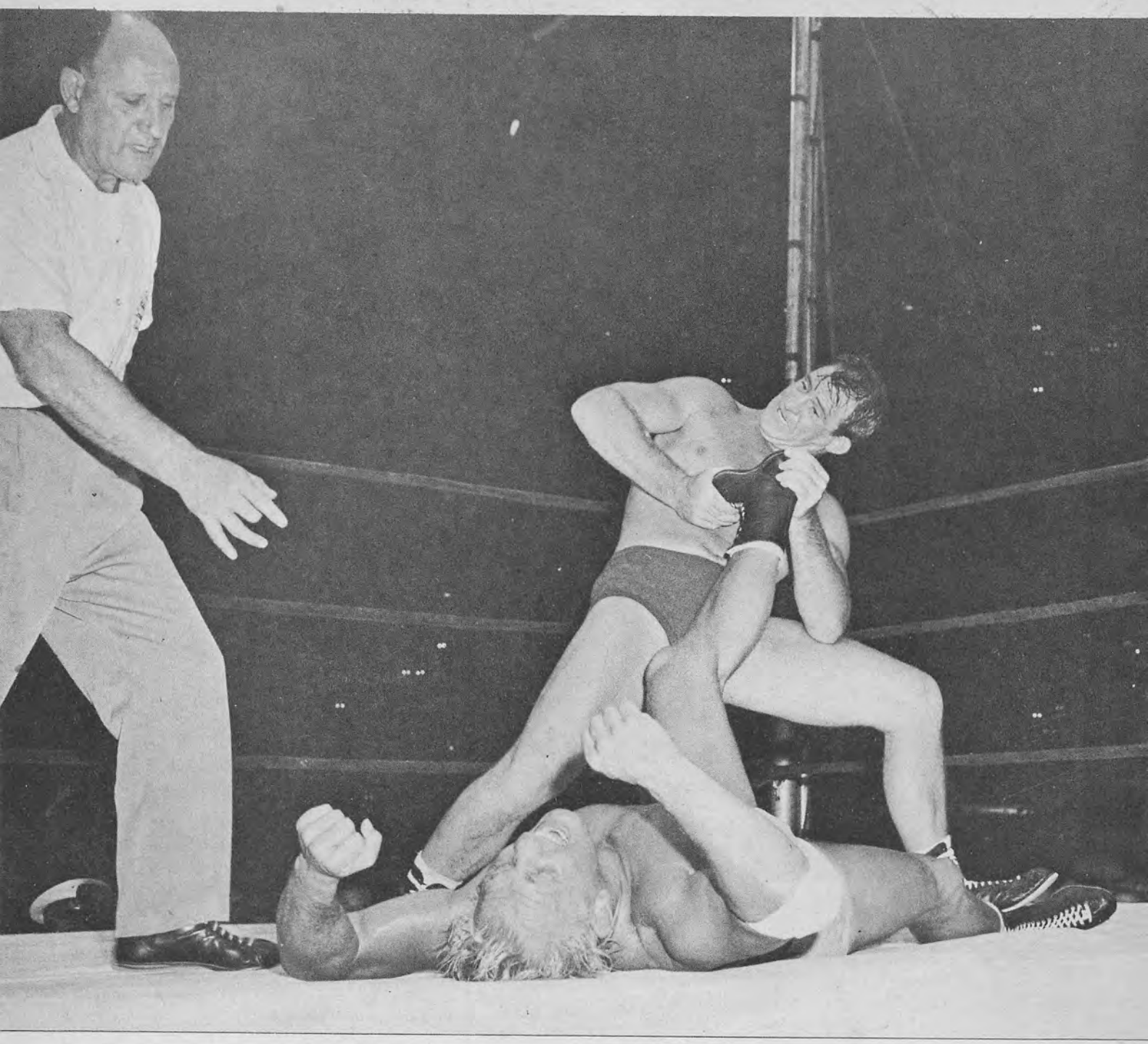
Many of the fans who turned out for that "Match of the Century" were sure he could do it. Rogers, after all, hadn't been a stranger around Chicago. In one year alone, he had attracted 229,600 customers who paid $688,000 to see him kick, punch and gouge his way to victory over a long line of victims.

He got a typical reception when he bounded into the ring.

"Ya big bum, I hope ya get kilt!" screemed a guy in the bleachers as the boos drowned out the cheers.

O'Connor wasted no time on scientific frills. He slammed Rogers to the mat and clamped him in an excruciating leg split that had Buddy yowling in pain.

Finally kicking his way clear, the blond terror launched a furious counterattack. O'Connor met him head on and they tangled in one of the wildest sessions since Gotch beat Hackenschmidt in the



Wasting no time on scientific frills, O'Connor promptly floored Rogers and, clamping on a toehold, made him scream with pain.

same ballpark back in 1908.

"Twist his arm off, Pat!" yelled a voice from near third base.

Pat was just about to do that when Rogers, in a surprise move, applied a lightning knee lift and body press to win the first fall in 8½ minutes.

O'Connor fans were stunned. This wasn't in the cards. It was a lucky break for Rogers, they figured. Sure—that's what it was. Pat would fix him now . . .

Storming out for the second fall, O'Connor whammed into Rogers like an express train. Buddy whammed him right back and for six action-packed minutes, they leaped, kicked, twisted and crushed. Then the champ caught Buddy in a reverse cradle hold to even the score.

The "Old Pro," as Buddy was called by fellow wrestlers, was desperate. He had to win the third fall to realize the dream that had tantalized him for 15 years.

But the bull-necked O'Connor was tougher than Buddy thought he'd be. For 7½ minutes, they heaved and sweated. Pat bounced Buddy off the canvas with prodigious body slams. But Buddy lunged back to massacre his foe with a series of spins and kicks.

The pace was too furious to last. In the waning moments, the exhausted O'Connor misjudged a flying tackle and landed on the

ropes, injuring his groin.

All Rogers had to do now was to sit on his foe to win. But he couldn't move! Utterly fatigued by his tremendous effort, he lay on the canvas, heaving like a wounded tiger.

For several suspense-filled seconds, the fans looked on in shock as both grapplers faced the danger of being counted out.

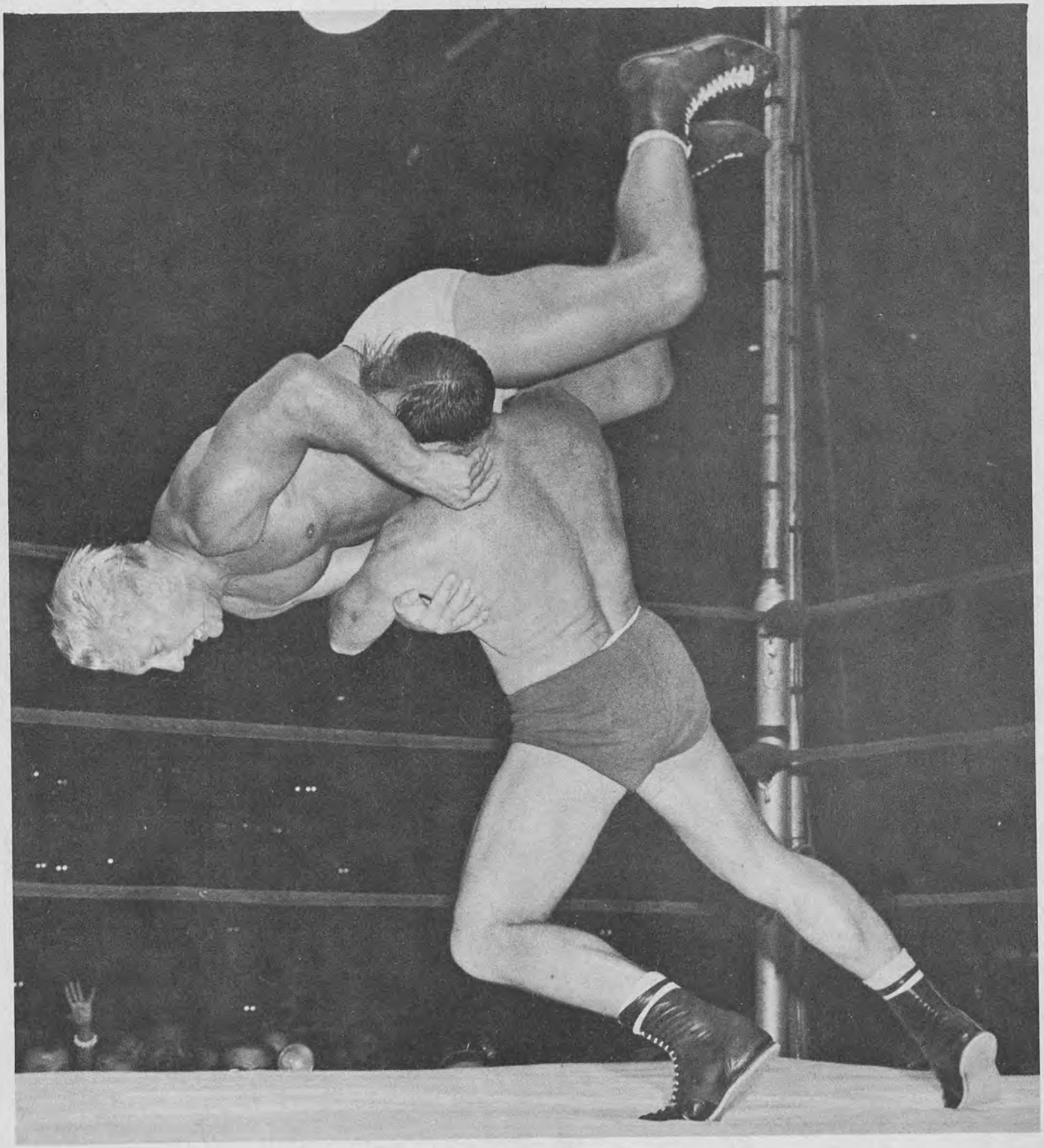
Then Rogers made a miraculous recovery and, with a mighty surge of energy, fell upon O'Connor to win the final fall.

Gloom settled over the O'Connor fans. But they gave the hated enemy his due with a round of scattered applause.

The new champ acknowledged the cheers with a sneer. He was still dazed as he wobbled back to his dressing room, but he managed to get a little strut into his walk.

"I'm the best wrestler in the world!" he crowed.

And, for the first time, nobody could dispute him. ■



Having lost the first fall, O'Connor charged back to even the score. What happened next completely surprised Pat's rooters.

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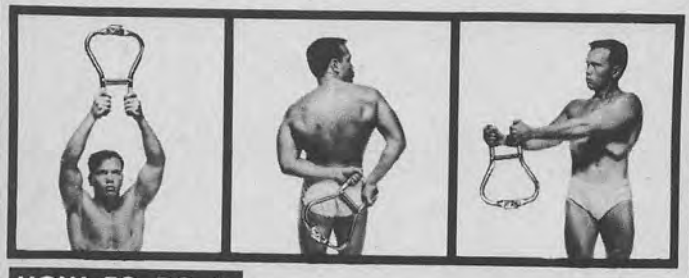

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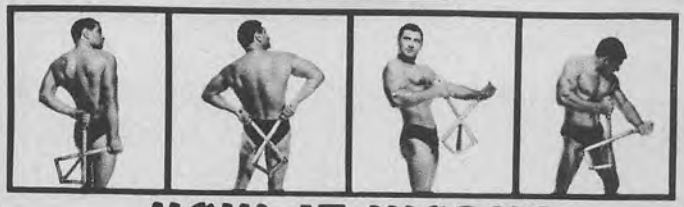

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BIG CHANGE IN THE BIG GAL

This is the way Berniece looked when we wrote her up last October. She weighed 235 pounds.

Since then, she has grown even heftier, spreading six more pounds "in just the right places."

Our first story on Berniece LaRue—in the Oct/63 issue—drew thousands of letters from drooling males. Here's a follow-up article which should draw thousands more

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE but there was a time, says 241-pound Berniece LaRue, when she was so shy and prudish that men wouldn't give her a second glance. "Can you imagine *me* being shy?" she asks. "Well, I was—back in 1962, when I had

Berniece plays rough even in practice sessions, as Al Cotton, a mere 220-pounder, found out when she nailed him in this headlock at Goelz-Gilbert Wrestling School in Chicago.

my first match. I wore the traditional reinforced swimming suit. My opponent, though, was decked out in a leotard—and, man, everything stood out prominently like she'd been poured into it.

"So what happened? The men in the audience kept their eyes glued on her throughout the entire performance. Me? They couldn't see me for dust. I won the match—but so what? I might just as well have not been there at all."

Berniece decided to change all that in her next bout. She donned a skin-tight leotard that was one size too small. "You should have seen their eyes pop then. Only this time, the eyes were all on *me!*"

Berniece is proud of her robust figure and constantly tries to find tighter and more seductive costumes to bedazzle her male fans. "After all," she says, throwing out her chest, "I ought to accentuate what I've got the mostest of.

"By the way," she continues, "I've put on six pounds since you ran that article on me (WR Oct/63). But I'm not as big around the middle as you said." She ran a hand down her swelling hips. "I'm 48-*31*-50, not 48-*37*-50."

We told her we doubted it and thought she'd take a wallop at us. But she surprised us by grinning, "No, it's true. I'm tiny-waisted for my size and have gained weight in just the right places as a result of a strenuous weight-lifting program and a special diet prepared for me by two doctors. And that reminds me, I'm 5-6, not 5-9."

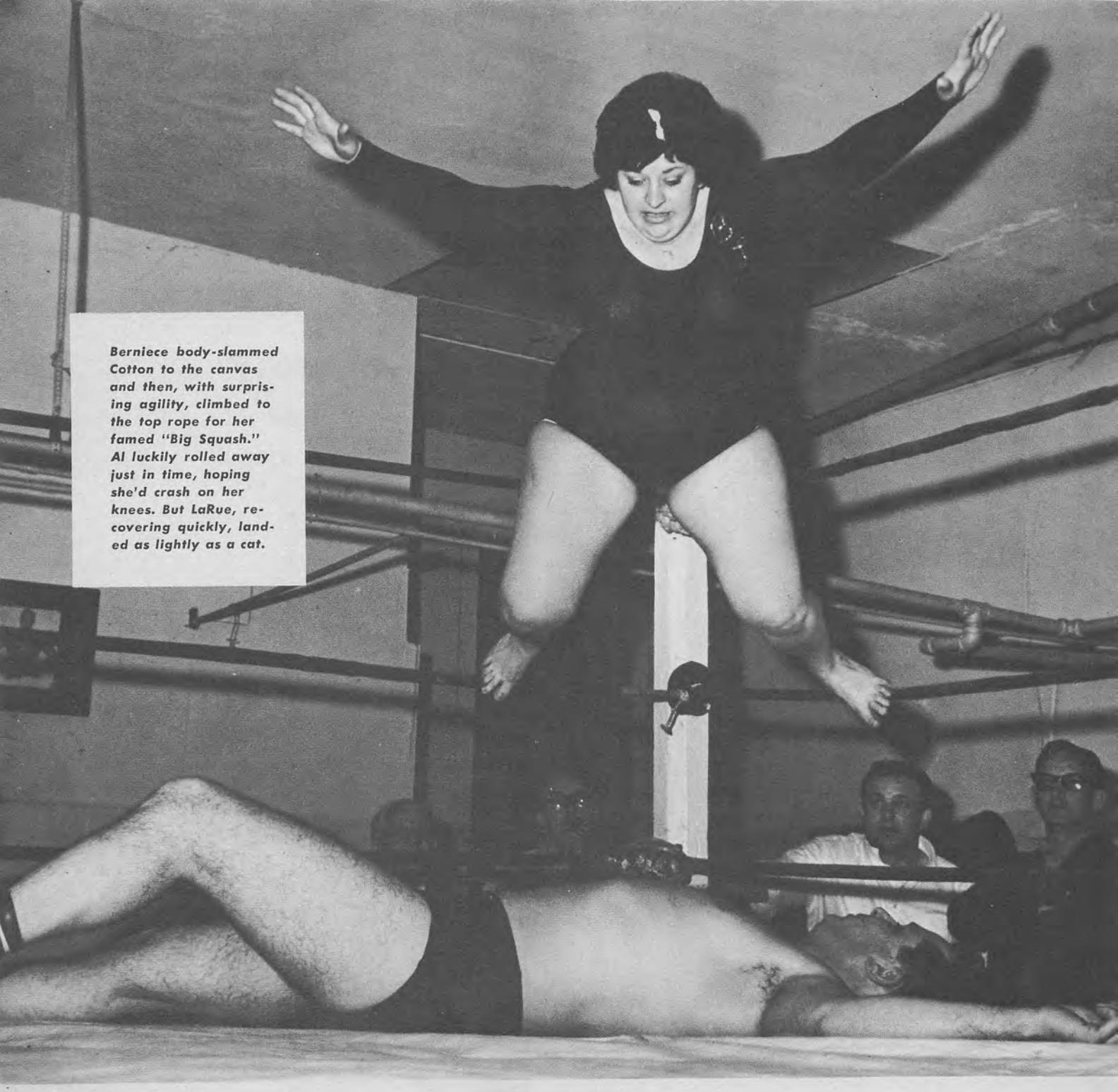
Aside from these discrepancies, Berniece is still the same slambang performer whose figure quickened the pulses of appreciative male readers who read about her in WR last fall. The article, in fact, stirred up such widespread interest that we felt she deserved an encore.

The story even prompted a reply from a wrestling hopeful named Brenda Burchette, who called herself a future champion. Brenda commented on a previous letter from Albert Barr of Anchorage, Alaska (Pros and Cons, Dec/63), who wrote:

"So Berniece LaRue doesn't like men because they don't think she's a Jayne Mansfield? Hell, you can have Jayne. I'll take a hefty girl like Berniece anytime, with or without a title."

Brenda, who hails from Varsailles, Ind., said: "Now there's a gentleman with real taste!" She added: "I expect to turn pro myself in 1965 and would like to know how much Berniece weighs and how tall she is. I'll probably be wrestling her someday and want to know what I'll be up against.

Cotton thought he could outmaneuver LaRue with fancy footwork but Berniece, showing some nifty footwork of her own, chased him around the ring and trapped him in a full nelson.



Berniece body-slammed Cotton to the canvas and then, with surprising agility, climbed to the top rope for her famed "Big Squash." Al luckily rolled away just in time, hoping she'd crash on her knees. But LaRue, recovering quickly, landed as lightly as a cat.

Right now, I weigh 154 pounds."

LaRue's blue eyes flashed with contempt for a mere 154-pounder who dared challenge her. "If she wants my hide so bad," said Berniece, "I'd suggest that she meet me in a Texas Death Match and I'd really show her who's going to be the next champion."

For the moment, though, she's concentrating on strictly pro talent. Matter of fact, she's so busy she has little time for men. But she admits there's a guy in her future. "When he comes along," she says, almost grimly, "he'd better be bigger and stronger than me. I want a king-sized man. I dig big boys! They know how to love, eat and sleep. It just comes natural with our type."

Black-haired Berniece is frequently asked how she thinks she'd make out against male wrestlers her size. "Well," she says frankly, "I'm not good enough yet to tackle a topflight 241-pound wrestler, but give me any two guys off the street and I'll break 'em in two." She pauses, then adds: "I don't profess to be as good as the men, but there are some guys in this business that I can beat—and they know it!"

Continued on next page

Berniece hoists a massive leg to prevent Cotton from breaking out of a corner trap. Then she whaled away, bouncing his head against the ring post.

Below, right: As Johnny Gilbert (white shirt) looks on in background, LaRue resists Cotton's attempts to tear her head off.

Berniece is not afraid of anybody—and that goes for bears too, though she prefers not to speak of one particular encounter in December of 1963 when she dropped into the Billy Goelz-Johnny Gilbert wrestling school not far from her apartment on Chicago's North Side—the same school, by the way, where Berniece herself was introduced to grappling back in 1961.

Berniece knew that "Blackie," a wrestling bear, was housed in the school's gym because she'd heard of other wrestlers in the Chicago area who had failed to pin the shaggy-haired Bruin. Berniece figured a bout with Blackie would be worth reams of publicity.

But she played it cagey and decided not to take a photographer along. It wouldn't do, she thought, if the bear gave her a licking. As it turned out, they wrestled for 30 minutes with neither gaining the upper hand.

"That damned bear," she said later, "was the clumsiest thing on four paws. Pushing him around the ring was like pushing a Cadillac down the street. Man, was I bushed!"

Nevertheless, she had done better than most of the male wrestlers who had tackled Blackie. And that gives you an idea of her tremendous strength.

Berniece, who's 22, got her muscles working on a farm in White Cloud, Mich. "Throwing hay around, milking cows, plowing and planting—and just old-fashioned clean-living—made me the monster I am," she says.

"I don't smoke, seldom touch alcohol, and I get eight hours sleep every night. When I go out on a date, I'm home by eleven. And I watch my diet carefully . . ."

What does she eat?

"For breakfast, I usually tie into two eggs over easy with a slab of ham. Two glasses of milk are generally my limit with the meal, but sometimes I steal an extra half glass. I have a light lunch—a broiled hamburger on a toasted bun with a slice of onion on top. That's my weakness—onions! For supper, I have steak, mashed potatoes, salad and two cups of coffee. Right now, though, I'm trying to kick the coffee habit . . . so lately it's been two cups of tea. And that's it—no bedtime snack."

This abstemious diet is bound to disappoint male fans who would like to see Berniece blow up to 400 pounds and take on the likes of Haystacks Calhoun. But there's a limit to how much weight she can put on without losing her spectacular speed.

Anyway, most men like her just as she is—pleasantly plump. And she'll be a great catch when she finally decides to lay aside her leotards and sweat socks. The lucky guy who wins her will

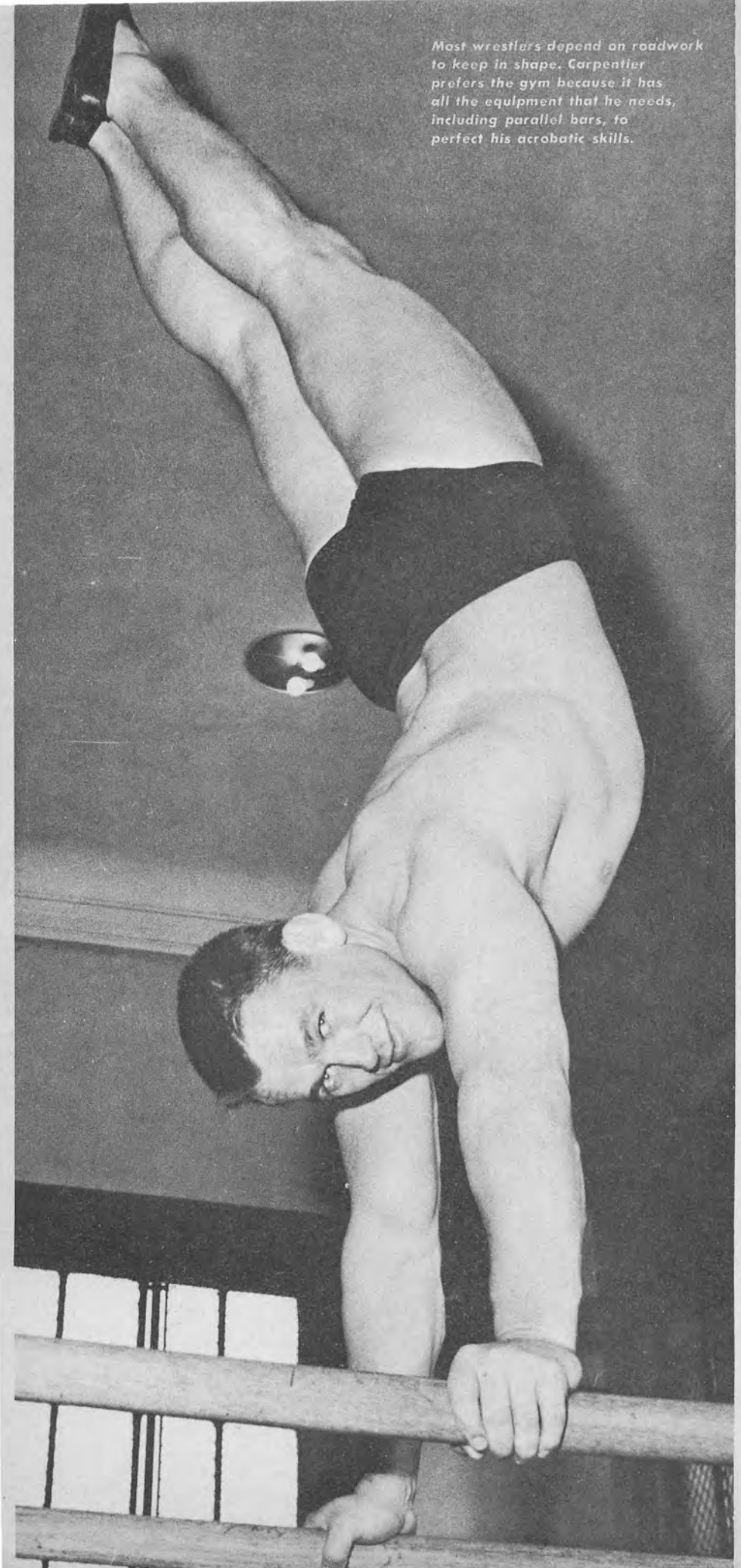
Cotton tugged and tugged at LaRue's chin but couldn't make any headway. Berniece let him have his fun and then flipped him easily over her shoulder.

Below: Before Al could scramble up, Berniece deactivated him with a Boston Crab. "That was fun," she said. "Let's do it again." "No, thanks," said Cotton, rubbing his bruises.

Berniece is such a bug on conditioning that she even works out on the beach. She stays in shape by lifting weights and following a diet prepared by two doctors.

not only get more than he can handle but a few bonuses to boot—for Berniece is a great cook, a skilled seamstress and an avid sportswoman who goes in for ice-skating, hunting, boating and tobogganing.

Besides, she'll have a bundle of money to share with the big man of her dreams. But stop shoving, fellas. We saw her first. ■



Most wrestlers depend on roadwork to keep in shape. Carpentier prefers the gym because it has all the equipment that he needs, including parallel bars, to perfect his acrobatic skills.

The trampoline shuddered and twanged as Ed Carpentier bounced off the canvas and soared in a graceful arc, his white slippered toes nearly brushing the tiled ceiling. Twisting his body, Ed floated down in a swan dive, landed on his chest, then ricocheted into a backflip.

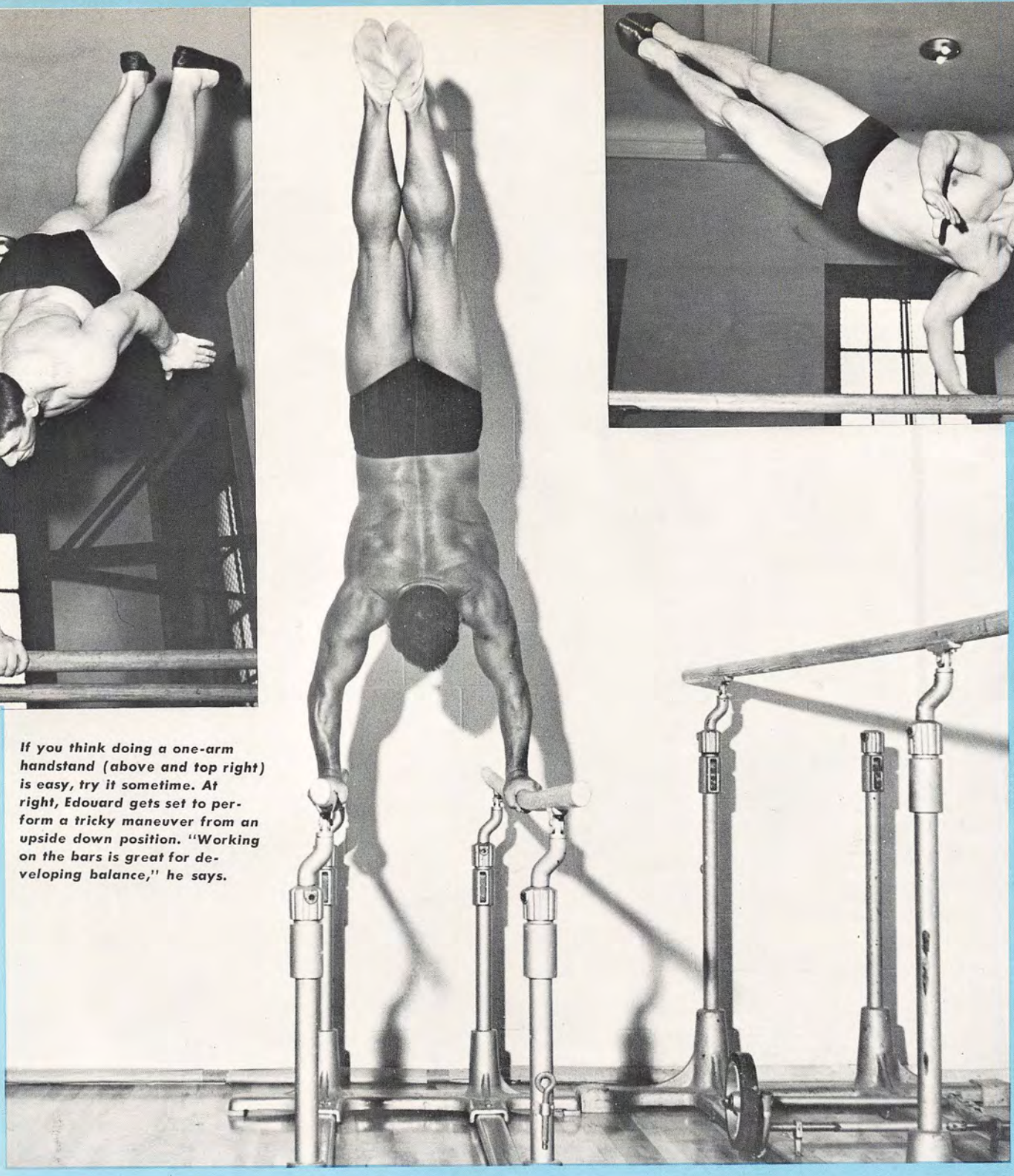
Watching Carpentier's maneuvers in the quiet Montreal gym were two spectators. "I'm getting tired just looking at him," said one. "How long does he keep this up?" The other laughed. "You can go out for lunch and take in a movie and when you get back he'll still be practicing."

He wasn't exaggerating. To keep in shape, the sensational Frenchman devotes at least three hours a day in the gym, mostly on the trampoline and parallel bars.

Continued on page 38

The Inside Story Of How ED

(Photos by Tony Lanza)

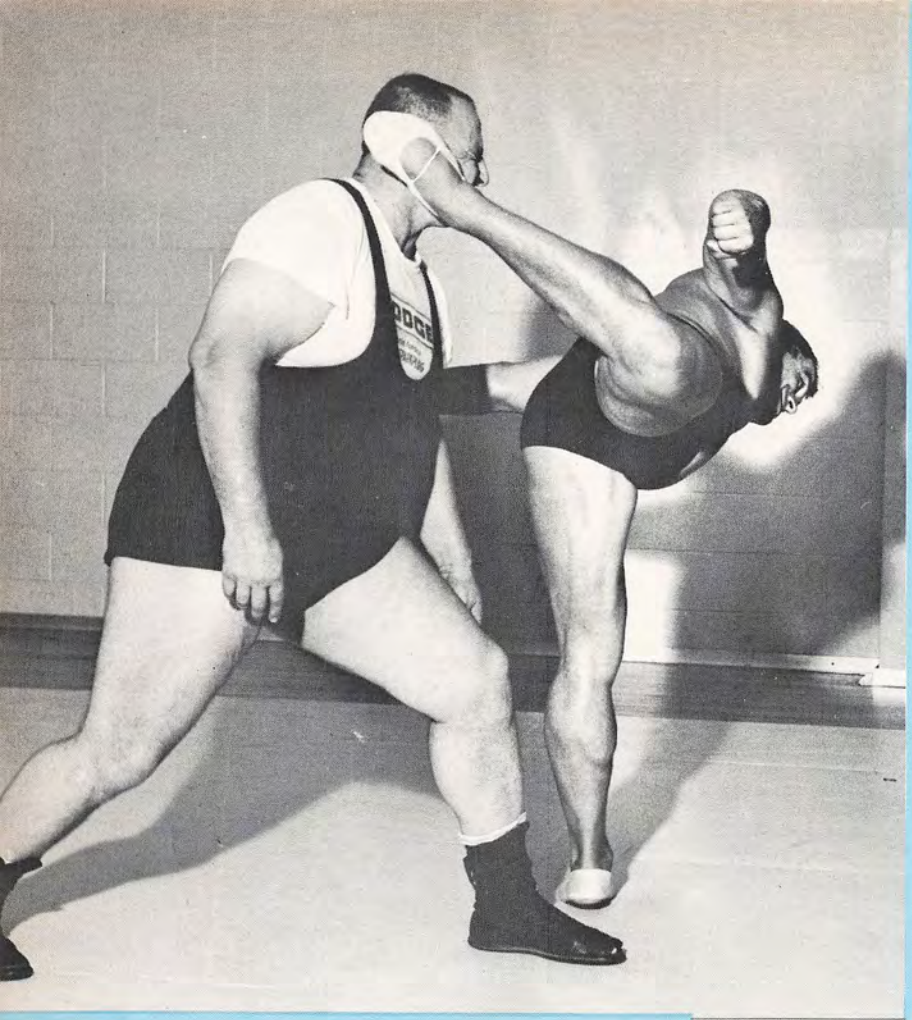


If you think doing a one-arm handstand (above and top right) is easy, try it sometime. At right, Edouard gets set to perform a tricky maneuver from an upside down position. "Working on the bars is great for developing balance," he says.

CARPENTIER KEEPS IN CONDITION

EDOUARD CARPENTIER

WRESTLING REVUE'S PIN UP SERIES / NUMBER 20



Carpentier can strike from any angle, as he demonstrates here with a well-placed kick to the side of hefty Bob Langevin's head.

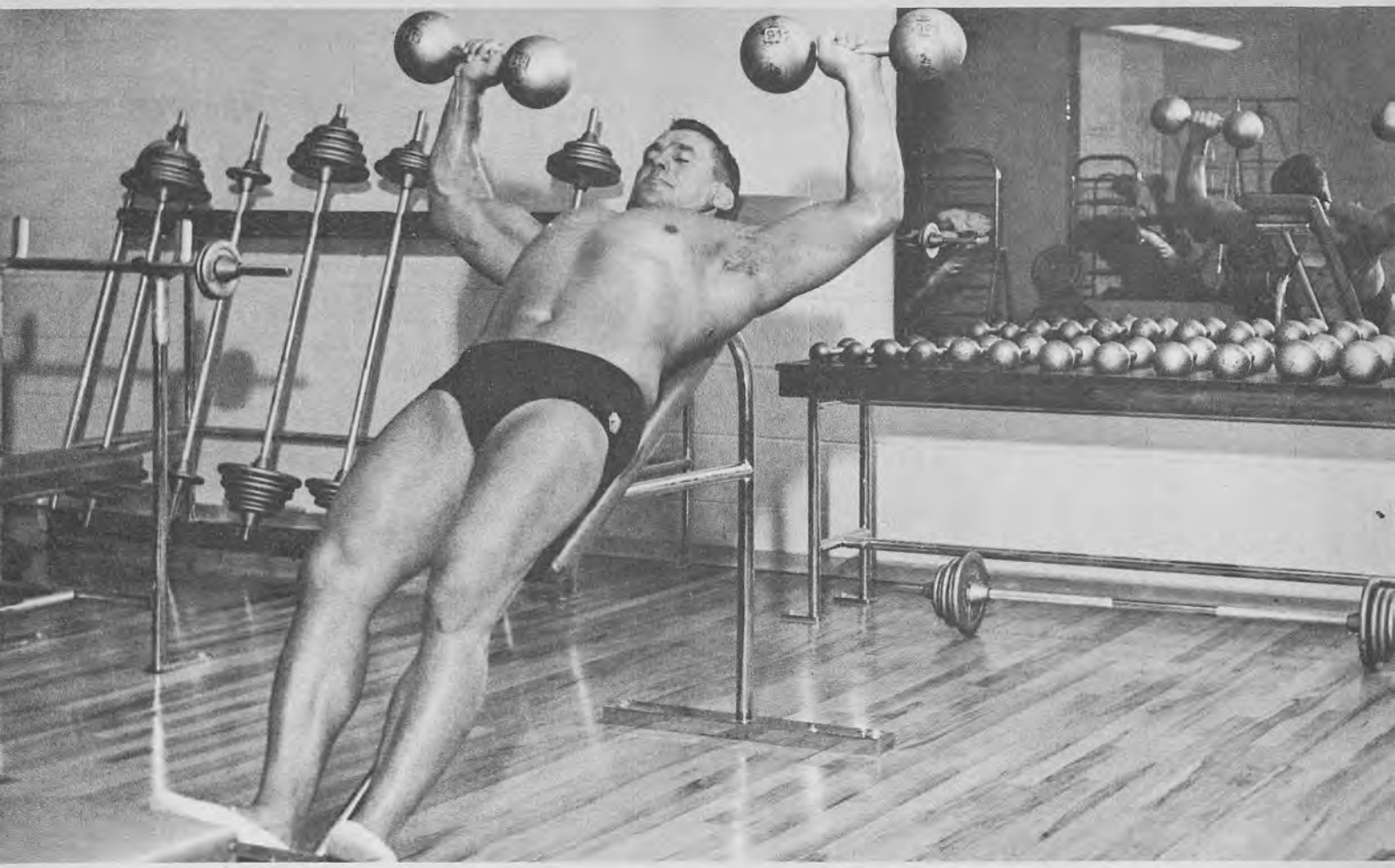
The workouts have paid off in some of the most dazzling acrobatics ever seen in a wrestling ring and have given 5'9½", 220-pound Ed Carpentier a body that resembles a piece of classic Greek sculpture.

Ed has needed every bit of his phenomenal strength and aerial prowess to cope with the "hooligans" and "barroom brawlers" he has faced since he stormed into Canada in 1956 after capturing the European crown. Carpentier could have easily turned into a brawler himself but he resisted, with the result that he won an even bigger following among French-Canadians than he did in his native country.

Carpentier is an oddity in a sport dominated by brawlers. A quiet, polite, mild-mannered man, he honestly believes that good will triumph over evil. When an ardent rooter criticized him for letting a vicious opponent take unfair advantage of him, Ed shrugged and said: "That's the way I am. If I changed my tactics, I would only be descending to his level—and that I could never do."

Carpentier is firmly convinced that wrestling should be a science, not a circus. "I remember once seeing a statue in the Louvre by the Greek sculptor Praxiteles," he says. "It shows two wrestlers locked in a hold, their muscles straining, their faces tense. But those faces show no sign of hate. Each man is trying his best to win, of course, but not to completely destroy his opponent. There are no fancy masks, no capes, no walking sticks, no leopard skins, no turbans, no foolish costumes. Just wrestling —

The wiry Frenchman arches his back in tremendous display of strength as he hoists Langevin before spinning him to the mat.



Carpentier uses special weight-lifting equipment to put extra strength in his arms. "This is also good for toughening up the stomach," he says .

clean, hard and beautiful. That's what I try to bring to the sport."

Many bruisers have sneered at this idealistic concept and have characterized Carpentier as "that crazy jumping jack." But none will deny that he is perhaps the politest wrestler in the business. Ask Verne Gagne. During a bout in Chicago's International Amphitheatre, Ed swung his body around and accidentally hit Gagne on the jaw with a partially closed fist. It was just a tap but Carpentier apologized profusely and stuck out his hand to show he hadn't meant it. Gagne was so surprised he reached out and shook Ed's hand.

Carpentier's good sportsmanship brought a roar of approval from the fans. Ovations like that give Carpentier a glowing feeling. There have been many such ovations, dating back to the time he twice represented France as a gymnast in the Olympics. By the time he had become Europe's top wrestler, after only two seasons of campaigning, the sound of approval had reached deafening proportions.

The handsome Frenchman reacted to this adulation with typical modesty. Once, praised for his good looks, he said, "Sure I want to be good-looking. But I don't make a fool of myself about it. I don't stare into mirrors and chatter like a parrot. What kind of way is that for a man to act? No, I would rather be ugly with two noses—and a great wrestler —than to be a handsome fraud. Ability and courage are what make great athletes."

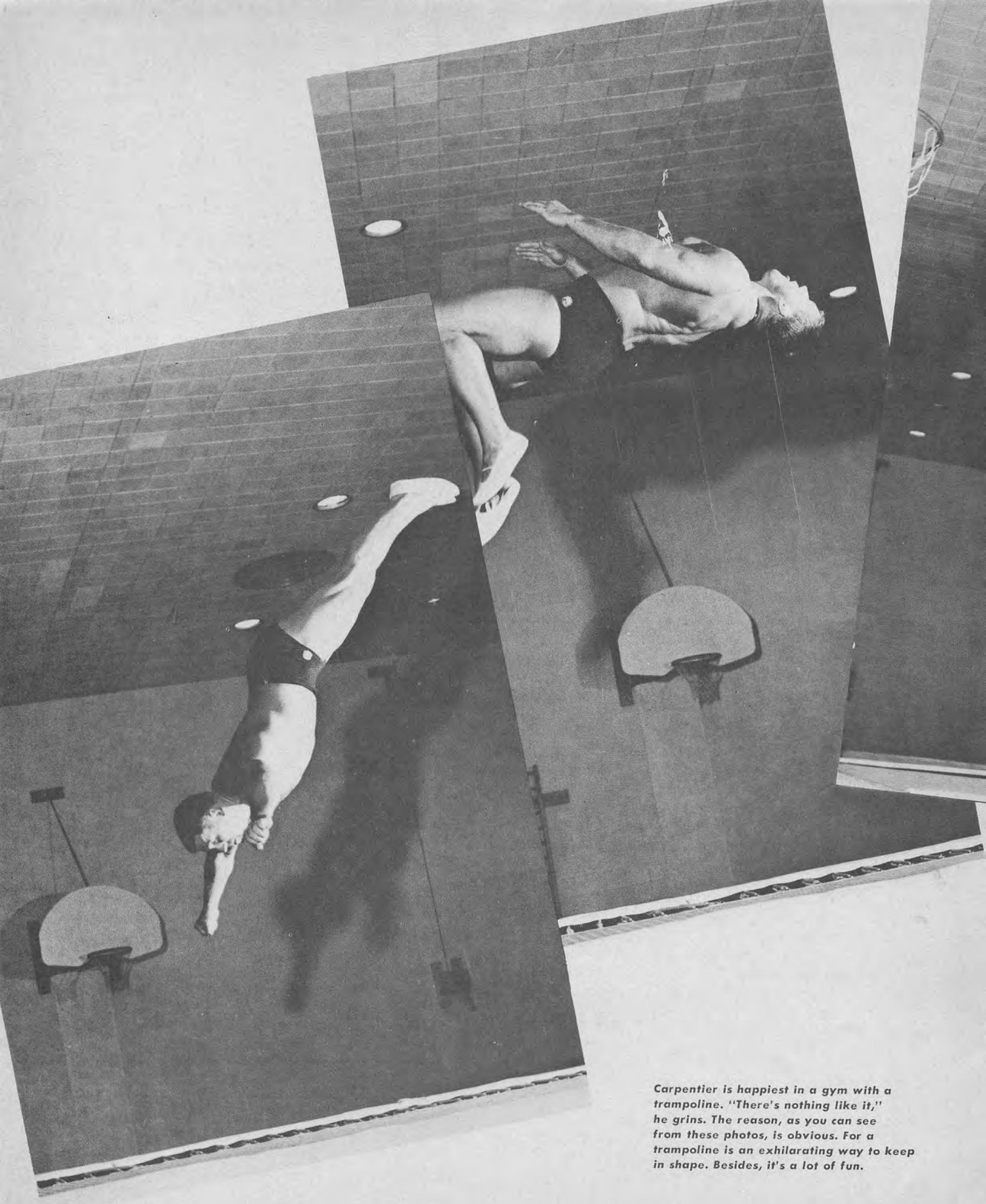
Carpentier has both, of course, plus something extra: a fanatic devotion to conditioning. Altogether they make one hell of a combination. Yet Ed is never satisfied. "I am constantly trying out new holds," he says. He won't tell what they are because he'd be tipping off the opposition. "I like to surprise my opponents," he grins.

He unveiled one of his new holds in a recent bout with Killer Kowalski, his long-time rival. Kowalski expected the usual acrobatics and was prepared for them. What he wasn't prepared for was something so new that Carpentier hadn't even found time to name it.

Near the end of the match, Ed floored the Killer with a series of flying tackles. As Kowalski rolled over on his stomach, Carpentier whipped Killer's legs up and back, inserted his own legs around Kowalski's instep between his calves and thighs. Then, with a mighty heave, he brought his full weight down on the giant's back. Killer let out a yowl and quickly submitted.

Everybody in the arena was surprised — except Carpentier. "When did you dream up that hold?" someone asked him. Ed grinned: "While I was doing a swan dive on the trampoline."

See next page



Carpentier is happiest in a gym with a trampoline. "There's nothing like it," he grins. The reason, as you can see from these photos, is obvious. For a trampoline is an exhilarating way to keep in shape. Besides, it's a lot of fun.

Everything was lovey-dovey when Tillet, with promoter Garibaldi grinning over his shoulders, posed with contestants.

Flanking Louis (l. to r.) are Dorothy Carter, Verne Bottoms and Moolah against Linda Carroll, Maria DeLeon and Bette Boucher.

6 Girls + 2 Re

Louis Tillet was delighted to be the guest referee at Texas' first 6-girl tag match. But he — and then Marvin Jones — learned that it doesn't pay to be nice to the ladies.

PHOTOS by Joe Reichman

THIS IS ESSENTIALLY the story of six girl wrestlers who made mat history in Austin, Texas. But it would be incomplete without a reference to the part played by Louis Tillet, the "Flying Chef," referee Marvin Jones and Leo Garibaldi, Austin's enterprising promoter.

Where do Tillet, Jones and Garibaldi fit into the picture? Jones doesn't come in until later, so let's start with Tillet and Garibaldi. For some time, Louis had been griping about the quality of refereeing in Austin. So Leo told him: "Okay, Louie, if you know so much, *you* show *me* how a good referee operates."

Tillet, who is strictly a wrestler, didn't relish the idea. But Tillet also is a Frenchman, and when Garibaldi told him he would be refereeing a six-girl tag match, his eyes suddenly lit up. "Ah, but that's different," he beamed. "Of course I will do it. A splendid idea, Leo. Magnifique!"

"It's a deal then," Garibaldi said happily, clapping him on the shoulder. Then a worried look came into his eyes. "By the way, Louie," he said, "I want you to know that these girls play rough. Are you *sure* you can handle 'em?"

Tillet's back arched. "You ask a French-mon eef he can handle women?" he sputtered incredulously. "Zat ees like asking eef a duck can sweem, eef a mon-key likes bananas, eef a bird has weengs . . ."

Text continued on page 45

The harmony was soon shattered when five of the girls clashed violently in mid-ring. Sprawled clockwise are Moolah, Carroll, Bottoms and Carter (heads off camera) and Boucher.

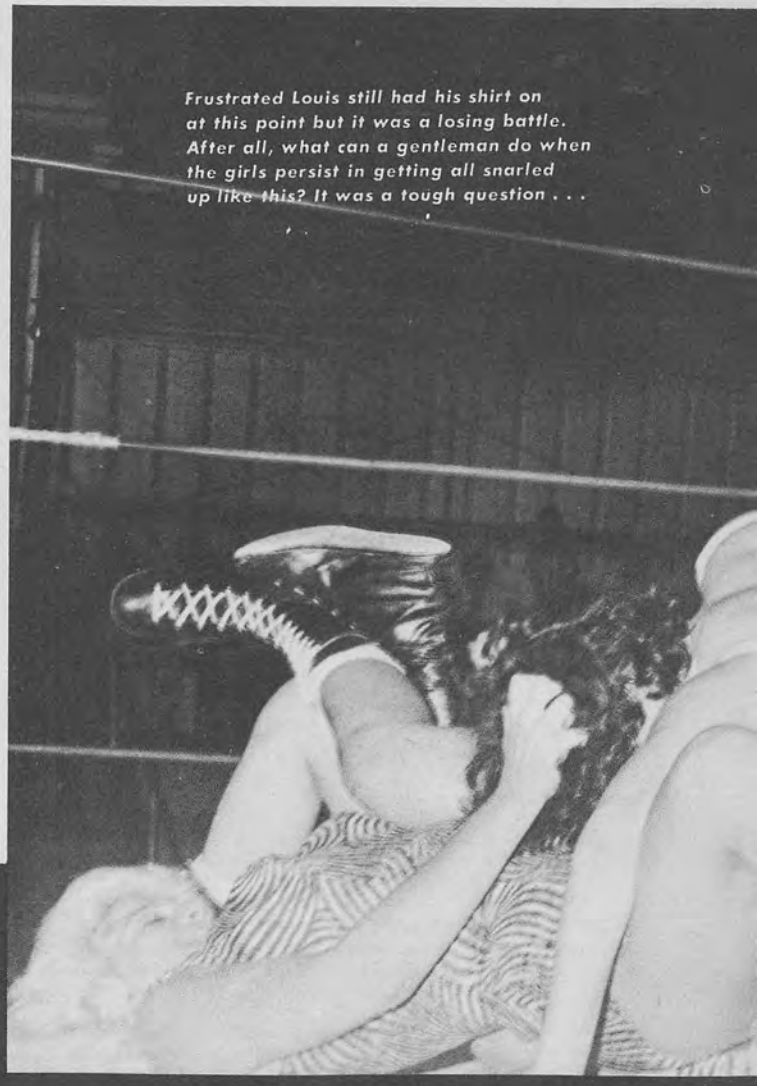
Tillet's troubles started when he tried to restrain Carroll and DeLeon. The hellcats rudely shoved him aside after ripping his sleeve and tore across the ring at their opponents.

ferees = Riot

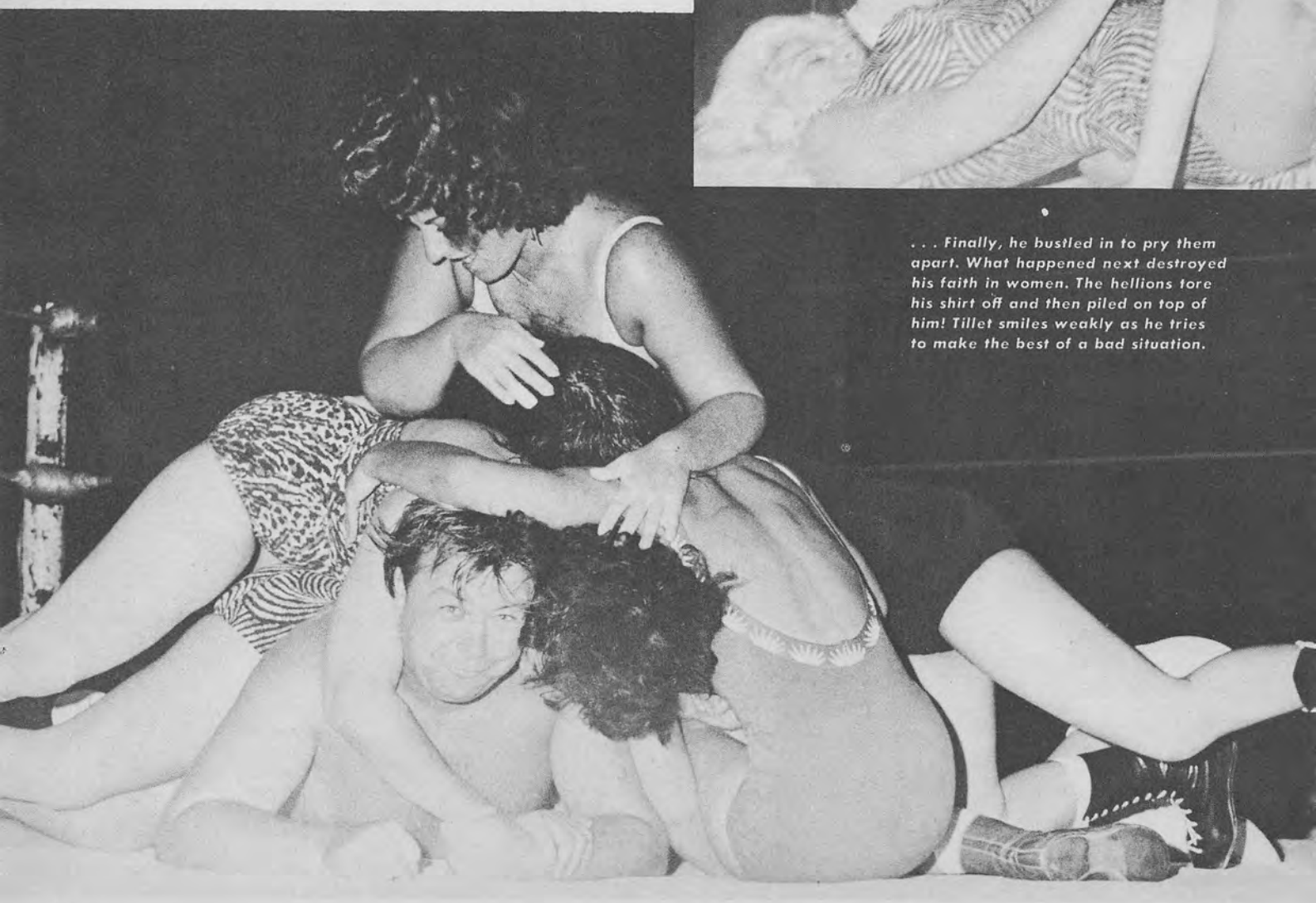
Recovering from his surprise, Tillet broke up the party and got down to the business of warning Moolah against using illegal tactics on Boucher. But Moolah ignored him, kept blasting away.

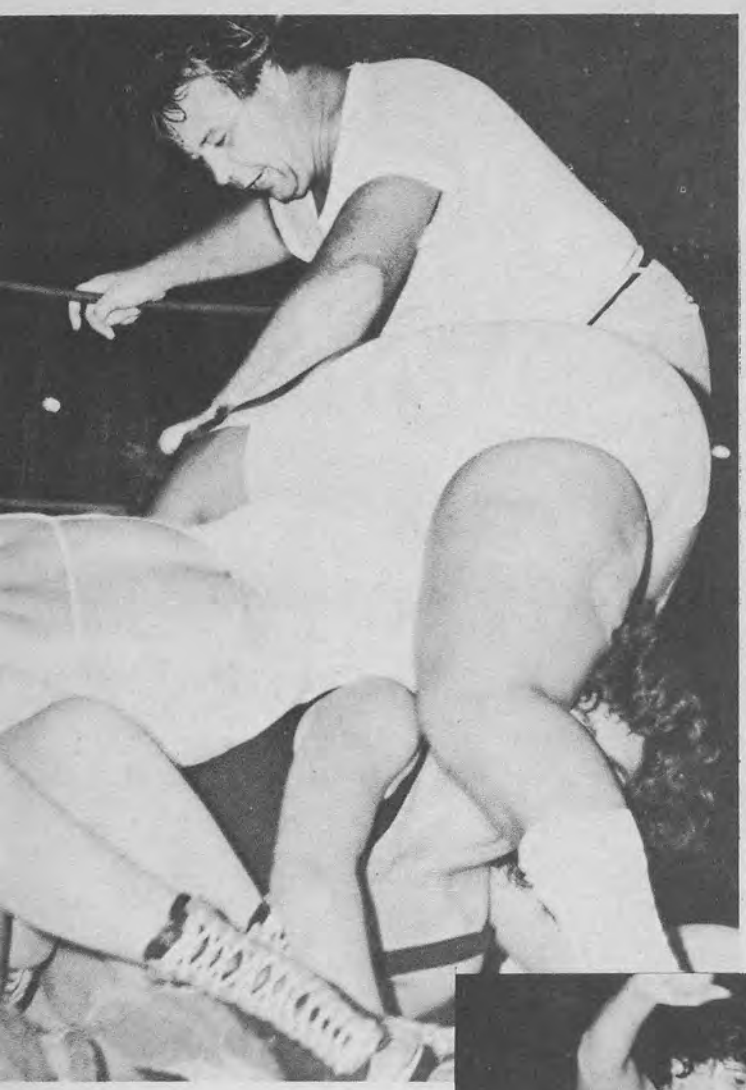
Though he continued to try, Louis didn't have much luck in stopping the roughhouse and got into another tangle with Moolah as she and Verne attempted to climb back into ring.

Frustrated Louis still had his shirt on at this point but it was a losing battle. After all, what can a gentleman do when the girls persist in getting all snarled up like this? It was a tough question . . .



. . . Finally, he bustled in to pry them apart. What happened next destroyed his faith in women. The hellions tore his shirt off and then piled on top of him! Tillet smiles weakly as he tries to make the best of a bad situation.





Louis doesn't talk this way all the time—only when he's excited. But when he's excited, he gets serious in a comical way. So Garibaldi couldn't help laughing. "Okay, okay!" he said. "But don't forget—I warned you!"

Tillet was properly dressed for the occasion when he appeared in the City Coliseum. He wore high-laced black boots, a white T-shirt, white Bermuda shorts and a look of intense preoccupation—as befits a gentleman who is anticipating a delightful evening with six lovely ladies.

Louis bowed gallantly, murmured that it was a pleasure to participate in such a historic event as Texas' first six-girl tag match, and promised them an impeccable performance as referee.

Then, with Garibaldi grinning over his shoulders, Tillet posed with the contestants—Dorothy Carter, Verne Bottoms and Fabulous Moolah teamed against Linda Carroll, Maria DeLeon and Bette Boucher.

Leo was grinning because this match was part of a card that represented his crowning achievement in two years of promoting. In addition to the girls, he had assembled eight nationally-known heavyweights. As it turned out, the girls stole the whole show. *Continued on next page*

Tillet was still in there pitching when Carter, Bottoms and Moolah (down) kicked and scratched the ring announcer after a hot squabble. Then it happened: Louis threw up his hands and astounded everyone by striding angrily from the ring. This left Garibaldi in a fine pickle. Luckily, Marvin Jones was on tap. Leo rushed him into action.

Jones is an old hand at refereeing, but he didn't relish the assignment any more than Tillet, especially when DeLeon pushed him aside to ram into Moolah's midsection.

Upsa daisy! Jones got too close to the hellcats and tumbled halfway out of the ring. Moolah manages to keep from sliding out completely by clutching him with her legs.

For Tillet, however, the evening ended so disastrously that he vowed never to referee another match—at least not one involving girls.

Louis started losing confidence in his refereeing ability—and in women generally—when he tried to restrain Linda Carroll and Maria DeLeon.

Despite his Continental manner, however, the girls roughly shoved him aside and proceeded to clobber their foes.

This brought the two other girls storming into the ring in a wild free-for-all that ended in a big pileup with Louis on the bottom.

There was a grin on Tillet's face as he lay on the mat but he was far from happy, for the girls had ripped off his shirt and were working on his shorts.

Louis managed to get out from under but from that point on the hellions treated him just like any other contestant.

Finally, he exploded. No one knows just what triggered the explosion—whether it was just a series of indignities or the fact that he was attacked while trying to aid the ring announcer, who had been floored in a squabble with the girls.

Anyway, he astounded everybody by stalking angrily from the ring. Garibaldi hurriedly got Jones to fill in and the girls went back to work. Pretty soon, though, they got to work on *him*.

"Now, girls, be nice," Jones said with a weak grin. Pow! He was almost blasted through the ropes. Crawling back, he kept a discreet distance for a few moments—until he tried to step between Moolah and Carroll.

Both girls turned on him—and this time, he went halfway through the ropes, landing on his head on the ring apron.

Jones was just about to take a powder, like Tillet, when Moolah whipped DeLeon after 15 minutes of furious action.

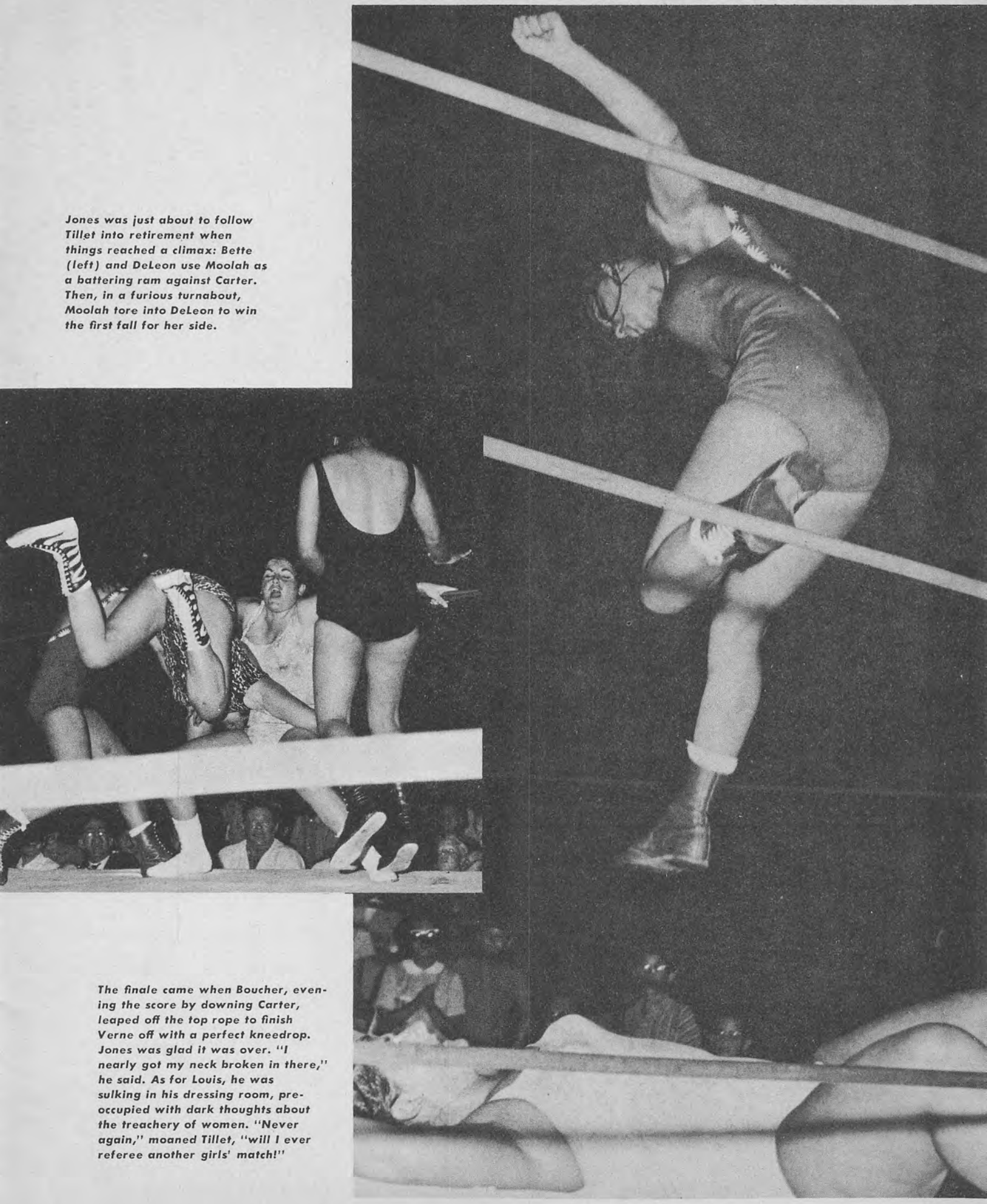
Boucher then evened the score by downing Dorothy Carter and wrapped things up by finishing off Verne Bottoms with a perfectly-executed knee drop off the top rope.

On hand to snap the action was Joe Reichman of Austin's Twin Oaks Camera Shop. He ran ragged trying to catch all the action displayed on these pages.

Joe was so preoccupied, in fact, that he missed the best shot of all—Tillet snorting angrily up the aisle to his dressing room.

Ten minutes after the bout, Louis was still steaming. Garibaldi tried to mollify him. "You couldn't help it, Louie," he said. "You did a good job. But those gals were out for murder tonight."

Tillet nodded sadly. "Oui," he said, "and I know who they were trying to murder—ME!"■



Jones was just about to follow Tillet into retirement when things reached a climax: Bette (left) and DeLeon use Moolah as a battering ram against Carter. Then, in a furious turnabout, Moolah tore into DeLeon to win the first fall for her side.

The finale came when Boucher, evening the score by downing Carter, leaped off the top rope to finish Verne off with a perfect kneedrop. Jones was glad it was over. "I nearly got my neck broken in there," he said. As for Louis, he was sulking in his dressing room, preoccupied with dark thoughts about the treachery of women. "Never again," moaned Tillet, "will I ever referee another girls' match!"

BY JAMES LONGSTREET

THE DUDE WHO TURNS TIGER

Terry Garvin likes to be called a dandy—but no dandy ever did what he does to keep his opponents on the run.

A living example of the benefits of hardy outdoor life, massive Terry Garvin trekked across the Canadian wilderness when he was a lad of 16.

NOT EVEN A STARVING ESKIMO would have ventured out in such weather. Howling subzero winds whipped the snow into intricate patterns and lashed the solitary traveler's face with stinging gusts.

The traveler halted his dogsled at the brink of a steep slope and peered down at the vast expanse of white. He had reached the halfway mark from Montreal

to Calgary—more than a thousand miles—without incident . . .

. . . But now he sensed that his luck was running out. For borne on the raging winds was an eerie sound. At first he had to strain to hear it. Then it grew stronger . . . and, suddenly, there was no mistaking the grim, chilling howl of a wolf pack.

Terry Garvin grunted. "The dirty so-and-so's finally found me," he told himself. "Well, I could stand a little excitement." He unhitched the dogs, slipped a rifle out of the big bundle strapped to his sled—and waited.

Soon the wolves loomed through the swirling curtain of snow—gray, slinking shadows, flitting like ferrets . . . circling their prey. Garvin remained silent and motionless, but his dogs started barking frantically.

Poised for attack, the wolves hesitated, sniffing suspiciously, their jaws dripping saliva, plumes of frosty air streaming from their nostrils. "This is crazy," Garvin thought. "It's just like an old movie on TV." At any second, he expected the commercials to break in.

For a moment, Terry indulged in the luxury of his illusion. He envisioned himself getting out of the big lounge chair in his living room, padding into the kitchen and preparing a "little" snack—ham, cheese, tongue, liverwurst, salami, tomatoes and relish in a loaf of crusty French bread . . .

. . . Then the illusion snapped and he hoisted his rifle. Even as he sighted down the long frozen barrel, he wondered what his fans would think if they could see him now—shorn of his fancy robes and jackets and facing not one opponent, but a dozen.

The wolves attacked in spurts, darting in from all directions. The huskies met them head on and they tangled all over the snow in snarling bundles of fury. Terry, an expert marksman, picked off the wolves one by one, reloading with blinding speed.

He was congratulating himself on his aim when he saw a husky streak past him, barking furiously. Garvin wheeled but it was too late. A wolf slinking in swiftly from the rear took a tremendous leap and caught him broadside.

Terry, wearing one of his ornate hand-made costumes, bitterly protests hair-pulling tactics of Kit Fox (left) during Tulsa, Okla., battle. Moments after referee had parted them, Garvin slammed Fox to canvas like a sack of sand . . .

Terry toppled into the snow.

He scrambled up just in time to grab the wolf by the throat. The beast, its jaws snapping only inches from Garvin's face, twisted, wriggled and thrashed in Terry's powerful grip. But its efforts were futile. Garvin kept applying pressure. Then something snapped in its neck and it sagged in his arms, blood gushing from its mouth.

Terry got up and looked down contemptuously at the wolf. He couldn't resist the temptation to give it a kick in the rump. "That'll teach you to sneak up behind Terry Garvin," he grunted.

Then he hitched up his dogs—two of them were chewed up but otherwise serviceable—and headed for Calgary.

When he got there weeks later, Terry was interviewed by a pack of skeptical reporters. "You came here by dog-sled all the way from Montreal?" said one incredulously. "Why?"

Garvin drew himself up to his full six feet and said: "To toughen my legs."

A little guy with a pencil-thin mustache snickered: "Isn't that stretching things a bit? I mean, you could have accomplished the same objective by doing a lot of

roadwork."

"It's not the same," snapped Garvin. "I'd suggest you try it—you'll see the difference. To win in my business, you've got to be in top shape—and I mean *top* shape."

"What are you going to do now?" asked another newshawk.

"Rest up a couple of days and then head back."

"Again?"

"*Again.*"

Terry did, too. But what he didn't tell the newsmen was that he had another objective in making the grueling trek: he had bet some pals back in Montreal a big bundle that he could do it. Were *they* going to be surprised when he showed up to collect!

Blond, 245-pound Terry Garvin has been pulling such stunts since he captured the amateur wrestling championship of Quebec Province at the age of 16. Two years later, he won the All-Canada crown.

After graduating from McGill University in hometown Montreal, he turned professional and promptly won acclaim as the "Fabulous Terry Garvin" — a fearsome performer who climaxed his victories by placing his left foot on his victim's chest and bellowing like King Kong.

Terry has been called a dude, a dandy, a beau brummel. Some wrestlers would construe these terms as a slap at their manhood. Not Garvin.

"My jackets are all hand-made," he says proudly. "They were designed by a leading French stylist, Monsieur Henri De-Ovacourt."

Terry got the jackets—and a trunkful of colorful robes—during a Paris stopover on his recent European tour. "The French," he notes modestly, "appreciated a handsome, well-dressed athlete like me."

Twenty thousand "appreciative" French fans turned out to see him when he wrestled in Paris' Palais des Sport. "Garvan! Gar-van!" they screamed hysterically when Terry battled the French champion to a two-hour draw.

. . . But the wily Indian used momentum of fall to strike out and deliver a kick that threatened to rip Terry's blond head clear off his shoulders.

After the bout, the champion, who had previously demolished all comers, grudgingly admitted: "Zat Monsieur Gar-van—he veree strong man."

No doubt about that. Garvin had developed tremendous stamina and endurance while dog-sledding and climbing mountains in Canada. He found the Maritime Alps in France an even greater challenge.

"I went up and down so many Alps," he recalls, "that I felt like a mountain goat."

Back home after a successful tour, Terry surveyed the Canadian wrestling "market," found the pickings too slim for an ambitious youngster of 26 and decided to invade the profitable American circuit.

He "struck oil" in Tulsa, Okla., bought himself a beautiful home there and got busy training his 20-year-old brother, Ronnie, to join him as a tag partner.

"When Ronnie is ready," Terry says, "we'll go after the tag team title—and win it." Then he adds: "But first I'm gonna get Lou Thesz' crown.

"Think of it," he muses, "we'll have two world titles and all the money that goes with them. Then maybe I'll be able to ease up on my dog-sledding—cut it down, say, from 2,000 miles to 500!" ■

Using his tremendous strength and stamina in latter part of bout, Garvin came back to bend Kit's skull with cruel headlocks. But time ran out and match was ruled a draw.

When he isn't pushing dog-sleds through Northern Canada's snow-laden wastes or scaling lofty mountain peaks, Garvin keeps in top condition by running 15 to 20 miles each day.

20-year-old Ronnie (left) is being groomed to follow in his older brother's footsteps. "Someday we'll go after the tag-team title—and win it," Terry confidently predicts.

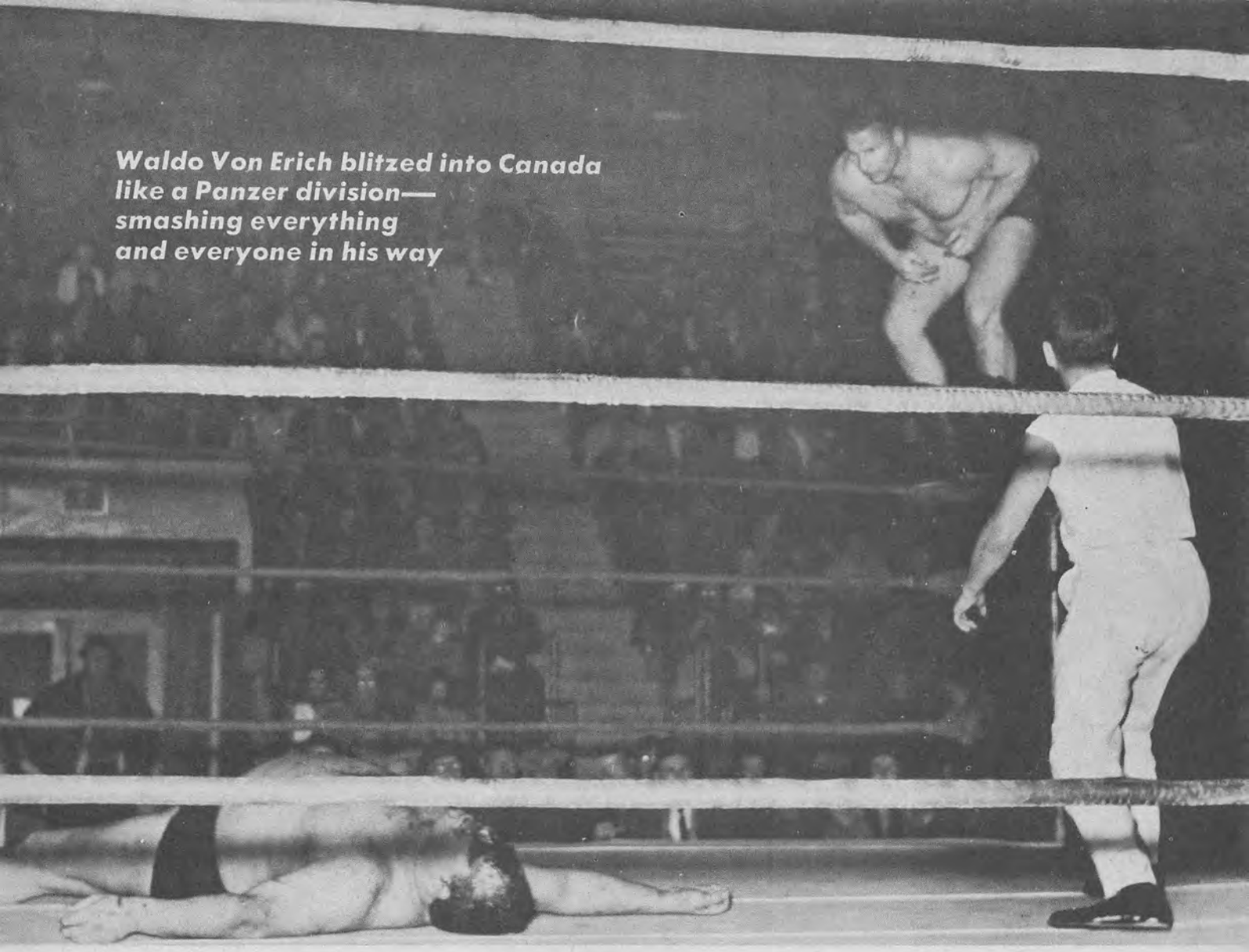
Terry ignores wall sign's somber advice as he and referee Tommy Petterson chat in promoter LeRoy McGuirk's spacious Tulsa office. "Never worried a day in my life," he grins.

BY MERV UNGER

GERMANY INVADES CANADA!

One thing about Mighty Ursus: he's persistent. Having lost to Waldo in Von Erich's Regina debut, he followed him to Calgary, thirsting for blood. He got it—his own.

Waldo Von Erich blitzed into Canada like a Panzer division— smashing everything and everyone in his way



Not content with flattening Ursus with forearm smashes, Waldo poises on top rope to launch his Prussian "death kneedrop." Ursus gave a mighty gasp, then lay still.

IN THE BOLD black-and-white world of wrestling, where delicate shadings of character are virtually non-existent, Waldo Von Erich bears the unmistakable stamp of "villain." And villains, as every fan knows, are supposed to follow certain predictable standards of behavior. Up to a point, Waldo is no exception. But beyond that point, forget almost everything you've ever read about this 248-pounder who calls himself the "Blitzkrieg from Berlin."

Waldo, for example, would have you believe that he is utterly fearless, that other wrestlers quail before his Prussian kneedrop and Claw holds, that he believes implicitly in the idea of Teutonic superiority. To some degree, this is true. Yet secretly he is disturbed by vague stirrings of doubt. Waldo will never admit this. Nor will he ever admit that he is a victim of the very thing he brags about — the Germanic mind, with its thorough but slavishly orthodox approach to unusual or unexpected problems.

Though Waldo himself has encouraged the notion that he is a brash, arrogant superman who imposes his iron will even on promoters, he is not entirely to blame for this portrayal. In view of the many weird stories written about him, in fact, it's surprising that fans don't have a more lopsided idea about him and his background.

Take that story about how he "broke into" Canadian wrestling. According to one imaginative publicist, West Canadian promoter Stu Hart was happily watching his 10 children open their Christmas presents on the morning of Dec. 25, 1963, when he was interrupted by a strange phone call.

The voice was terse and to the point: "This is the Blitzkrieg from Berlin and I'm coming to clean up all your so-called tough Canadian wrestlers. I'll see you on January 2." Then the phone went dead.

Hart was reportedly puzzled by the call. Finally he dismissed it as just another prank. However, on January 2, the story goes, Hart was in his Calgary office, busily planning next week's card, when

Another victim who followed Waldo to Calgary was Luis Hernandez. Like Ursus, he also thirsted for revenge. Showing no mercy, Von Erich floored and then stomped all over him.

Hernandez (foreground) grimaces with pain as Von Erich crushes him with Prussian leglock. Waldo's leglock and kneedrop drew wrath of fans, who demanded that both holds be banned.

a bullet-headed guy burst in and said:

"I hope you haven't picked the main event yet, because I'm going to be in it. I'm Waldo Von Erich, the Blitzkrieg from Berlin, and I'll have you know that I don't wrestle in preliminary matches."

According to the report, while Waldo went on raving about his talents, Stu was daydreaming about the time another Von Erich — Fritz — started drawing big crowds in his territory. If this fellow was as good as he claimed . . .

At this point, Waldo broke into Hart's reverie. "Hey, you," he barked, "you're not listening to me. I'll bet you were comparing me with my brother. Well, Fritz's a great wrestler, but I'm better. Now are you going to put me into that main event?"

Hart refused, explaining: "You'll have to prove your worth first." But Waldo kept insisting and after a 10-minute argument, Stu relented somewhat and, over Von Erich's strenuous objections, pencilled him in for the semi-final. Even at that, Hart had misgivings.

Anyway, the story continues, Waldo was so sensational in his first Canadian appearance — Regina, Saskatchewan — that he was soon packing arenas wherever he went . . .

. . . Not even the corniest Hollywood scriptwriter would dare dream up such a story. Except for one part—the last—it just never happened. First of all, Waldo doesn't talk like that. Second, no self-respecting promoter would stand for such an approach. And third, Waldo had already built up a big reputation in the U. S., so Stu hardly could be mystified by his identity.

There was no question about Von Erich's ring prowess, however. His first opponent at Regina was the Mighty Ursus. Now Ursus is a tough hombre by any standard. But Waldo didn't even give him a chance to get started.

Attacking him on the ring apron, Von Erich kicked, gouged and then smashed him into a ring post, bloodying his face. Ursus finally staggered through the ropes. But three dropkicks, one Prussian kneedrop and 28 seconds later, he was knocked unconscious and hauled away on a stretecher.

Strutting over to the microphone, Waldo shouted: "Where are all those tough wrestlers I've been hearing about? I came up here expecting some competition. Is this the best you can do? I dare you . . ."

The rest of the sentence was drowned in an earsplitting din of boos and catcalls. Von Erich cupped a hand over his mouth and permitted himself a smile. Demonstrations like this always pleased him. The idea was to get the fans excited. Make 'em hiss and howl. Then they'd crush themselves jamming the turnstiles for his next appearance.

But he wasn't through yet. Luis Hernandez, who had rushed to Ursus' aid when Waldo attacked him before the match, wanted a crack at Waldo. It took Von Erich a little longer to dispose of Hernandez. He choked Luis, stomped on him, then finished him off with the Prussian death kneelock.

Al Ward of Vancouver fared no better. Battered by a kneedrop, he was counted out in less than a minute. As Waldo triumphantly slid through the ropes, Mighty Ursus, now in street clothes, leaped into the ring and kicked him in the back.

Waldo threatened to tear Ursus

Continued on page 68

WRESTLING REVUE BONUS

AROUND THE MAT CIRCUITS

Houston, Texas ★ Huntsville, Ala.

Kansas City, Kan. ★ New York City

Oklahoma City ★ Moline, Ill.

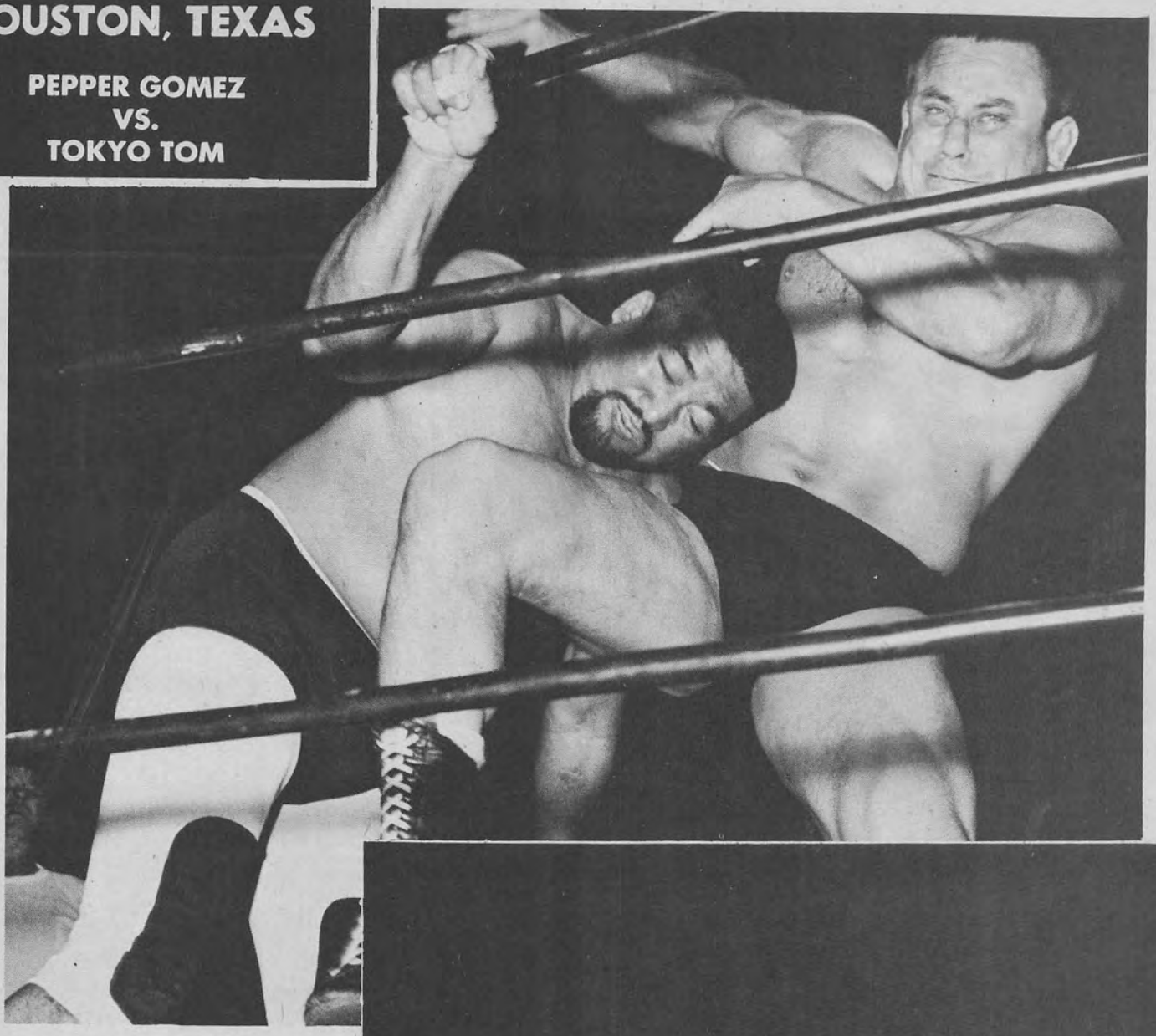
El Paso ★ Los Angeles

THE STARS

Pepper Gomez	Boris Malenko
Tokyo Tom	Pat Patterson
Jackie Fargo	Bennie Matta
Rocky Montero	Mitsu Arakawa
Rock Hunter	Moose Evans
Les Thatcher	Gory Guerrero
Vittorio Apollo	Czaya Nandor
Don McClarity	Don Jardine
Magnificent Maurice	Shohei Baba

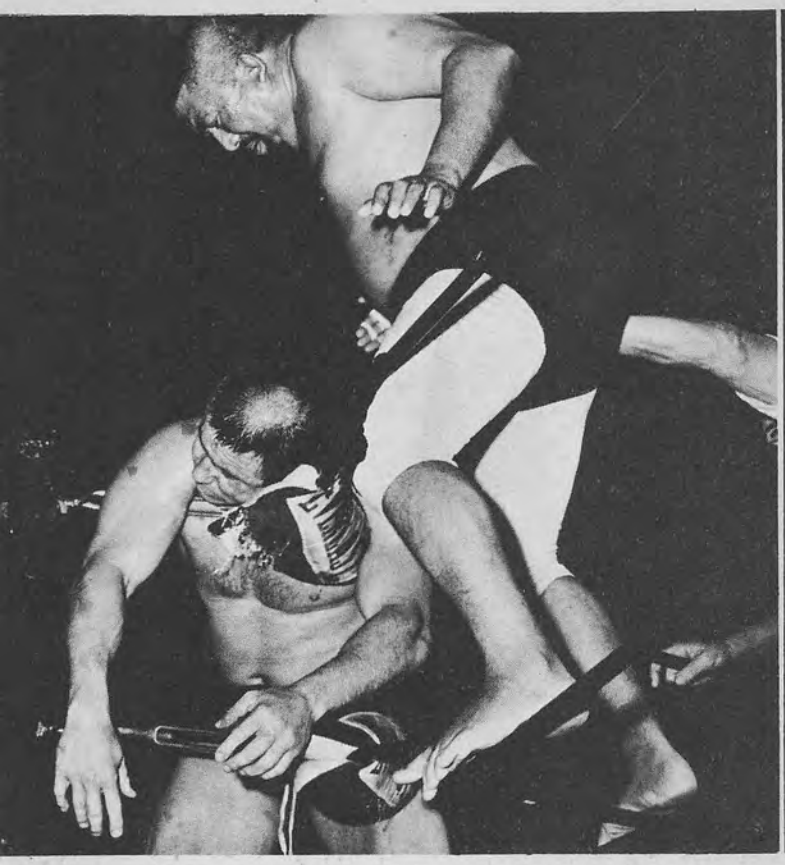
HOUSTON, TEXAS

PEPPER GOMEZ VS. TOKYO TOM

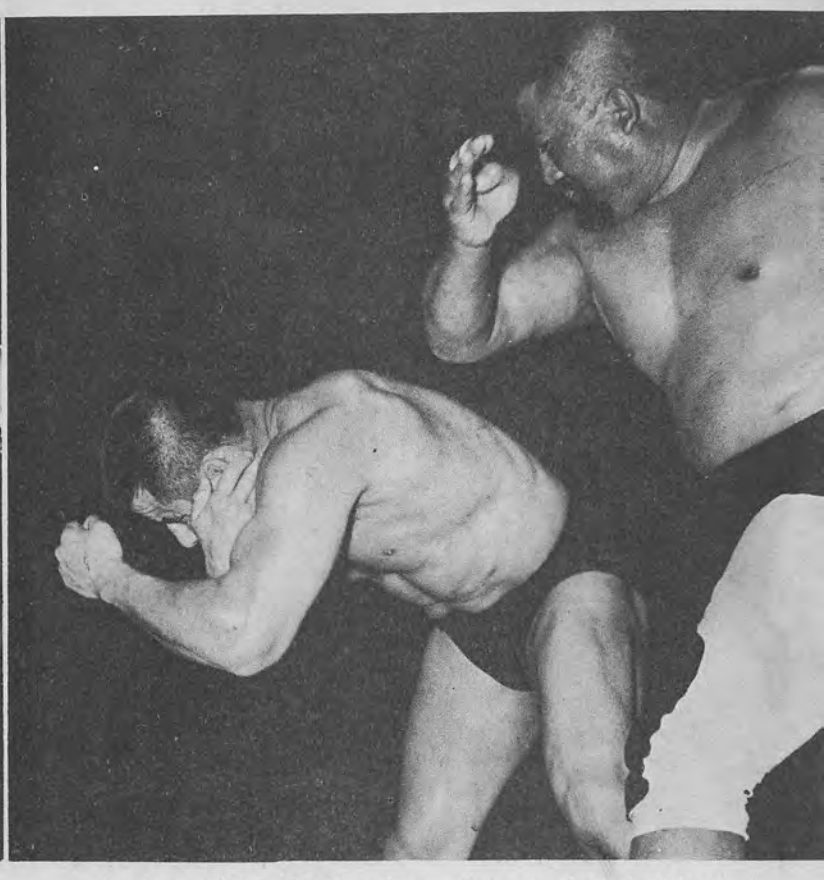


After losing first fall to Tokyo Tom (left), an enraged Pepper Gomez came roaring back to bounce the Karate Killer into the ropes. Then, as Tom sagged under fury of assault, Pepper stunned him with jarring knee-smash.

Moments later, Gomez cornered the fleeing Tom, hoisted him like an overstuffed pillow and smashed him to the canvas. But the wily Oriental was far from through, as Pepper soon found out—the hard way . . .



. . . When Tom lashed out with series of judo chops and kicks to face that catapulted Gomez through the ropes. Hanging on to turnbuckle like wet laundry, he was an open target for Tokyo's brutal attack until referee Dick Raines intervened.

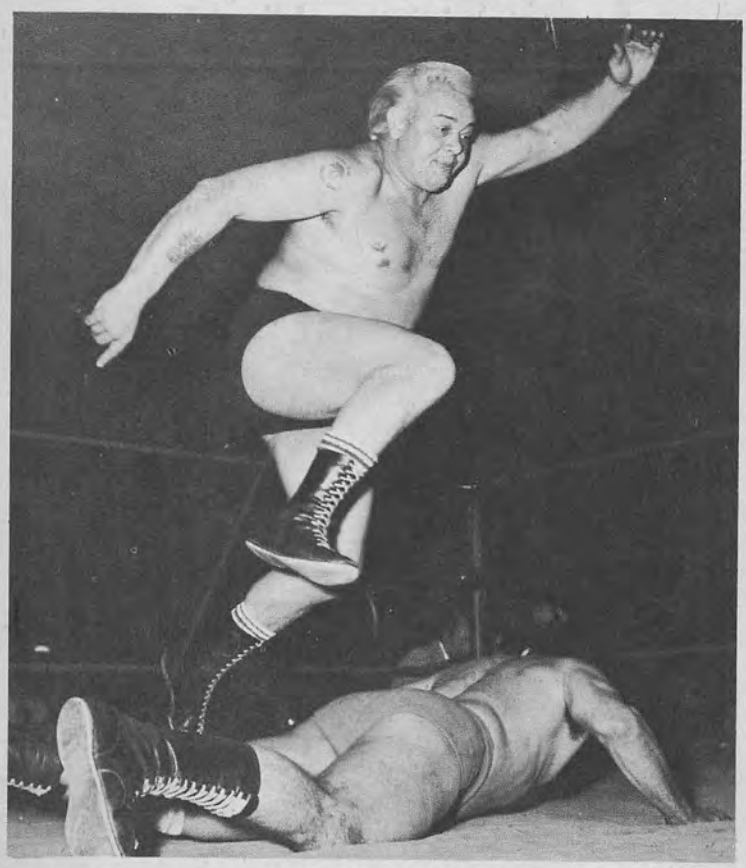


But Raines did neither himself nor Pepper any favor by intervening. Going completely berserk, Tom brushed the referee to the canvas, then unleashed a barrage of karate smashes that threatened to decapitate Gomez.

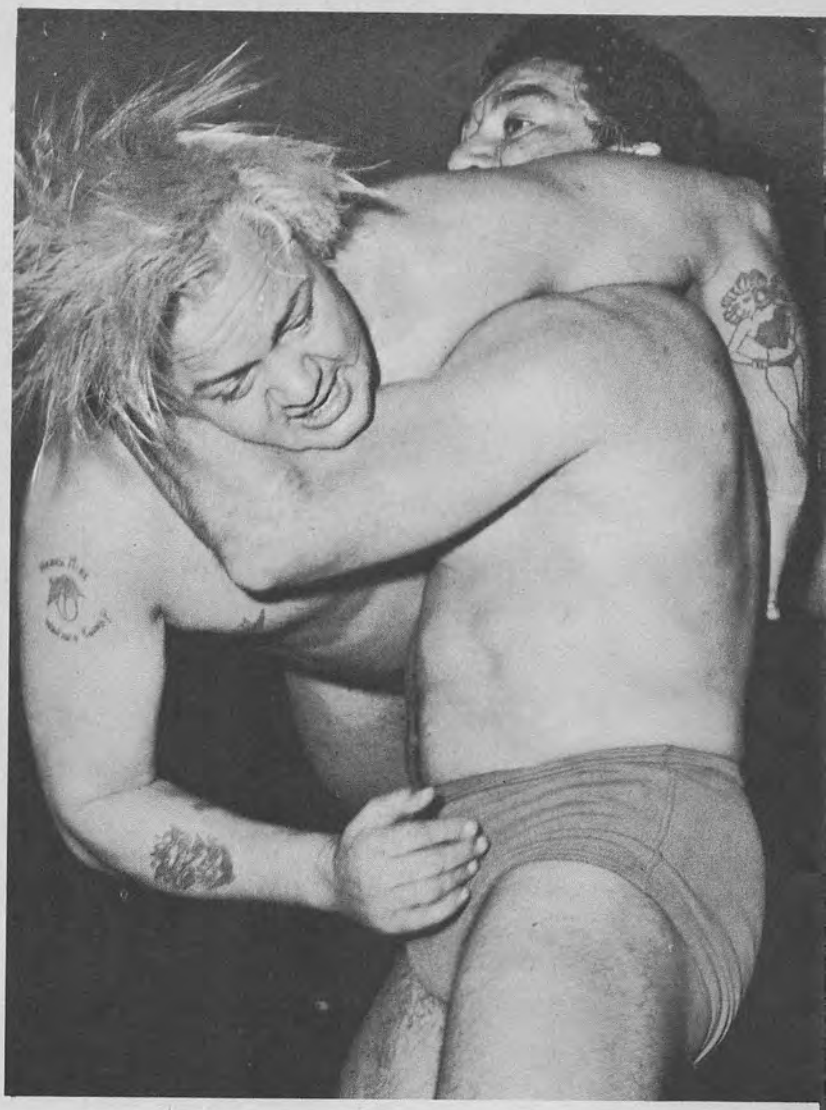
Just when it seemed that he must go down before Tom's cruel onslaught, Gomez miraculously escaped and launched flying drop-kick that caught his tormentor flush in the face (above). From then on, it was all uphill for Pepper and he swept the 2nd and 3rd falls with an airplane spin and a stomach claw, respectively. After disposing of vicious opponent, Gomez left ring (right) to rousing cheers of his overjoyed fans.

HUNTSVILLE, ALA.

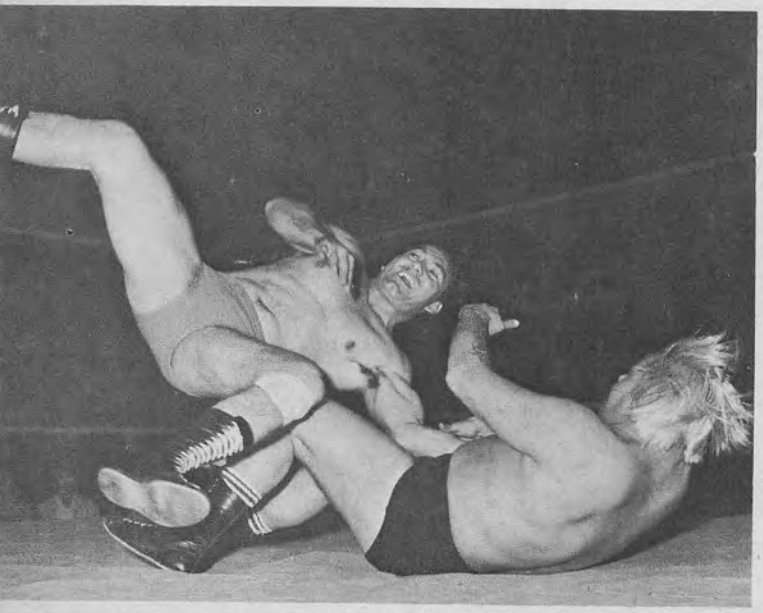
JACKIE FARGO VS. ROCKY MONTERO



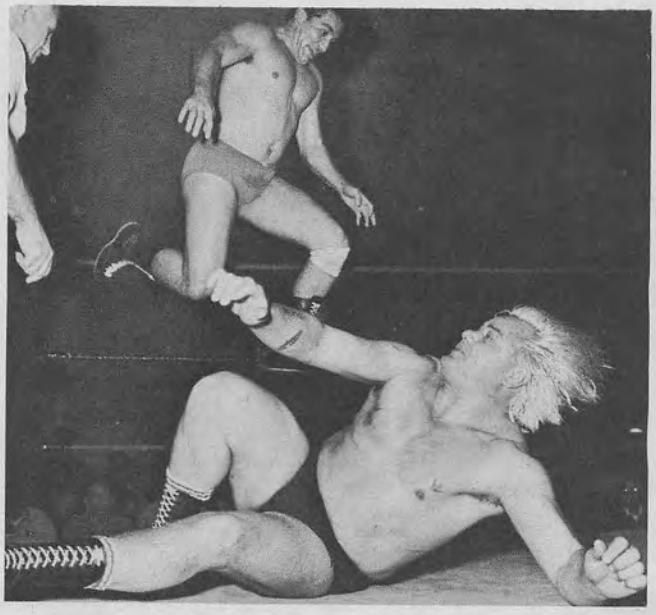
Fargo looks as if he's taking off for the 100-yard dash, but actually he's coming down on Montero after bouncing off the ropes. Rocky, however, wasn't around when he landed . . .



. . . Rolling out of the way, Montero scrambled up and grabbed Jackie for a fling into the nearest ringpost. The tattooed girl on Fargo's arm quivered as he crumpled to the canvas.



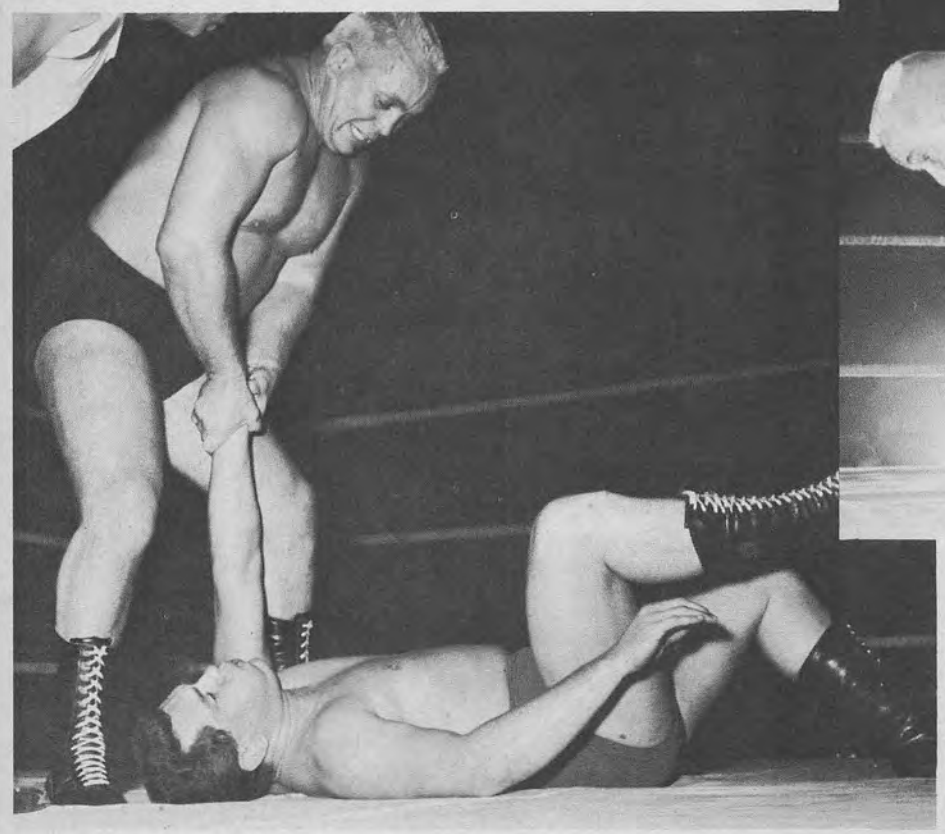
But you've got to hand it to Jackie. Shaking off the effects of the fall, he suckered Rocky into making so obvious a move that Montero himself had to grin as he toppled over.



Leaping off the ropes, Rocky is startled to find nothing but canvas under him as Jackie, pulling Montero's stunt, swivels away. Then Fargo pounced on Montero for the pin.

KANSAS CITY, KA.

ROCK HUNTER VS. LES THATCHER



Thatcher then learned something else: never lunge at Hunter unless you're sure you can nail him. The tricky Rock usually ducks at the last second, forcing his opponent to leap over him.

Thatcher learns that Hunter is a mighty tough guy to argue with, especially if he's twisting your arm. Les got into this fix because he did a foolhardy thing: he turned his back on Rock.

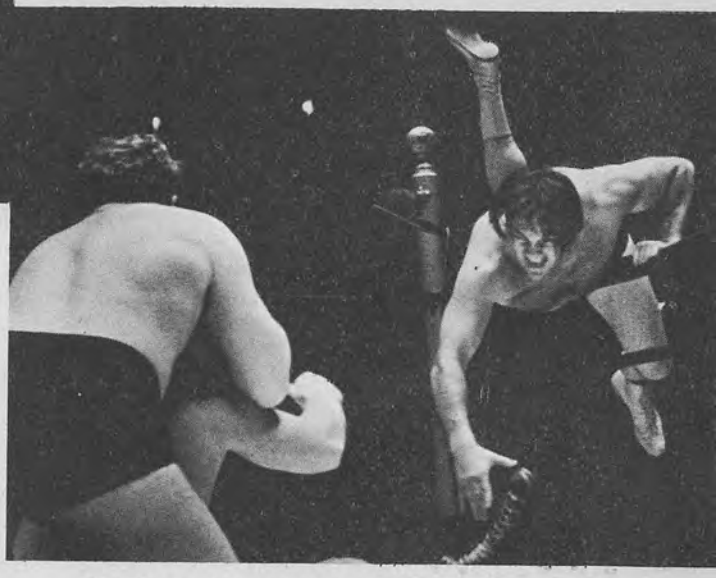
After learning these and other painful lessons, Thatcher started to teach Hunter a few things, among them: never get your head too close to the ropes if you value your neck.

But Les, as you can see from this photo, became too overconfident and Hunter, getting the upper hand again, finished his instruction with a backbreaker and a body press.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, N.Y.

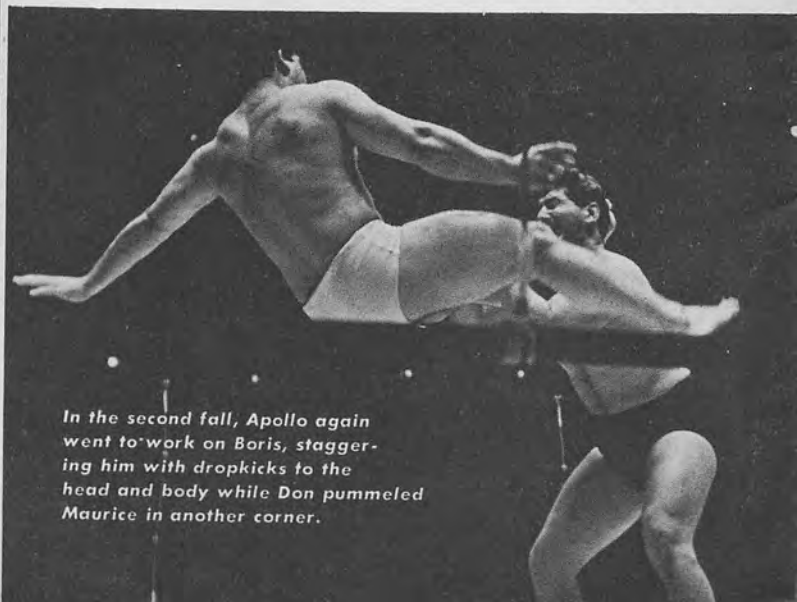
VITTORIO APOLLO & DON McCLARITY VS. MAGNIFICENT MAURICE & BORIS MALENKO

The fans—18,717 strong—jeered as Maurice, wearing a blue beret and pink cape with matching boots, minced around the ring, daintily waving a yellow-and-white lace handkerchief.

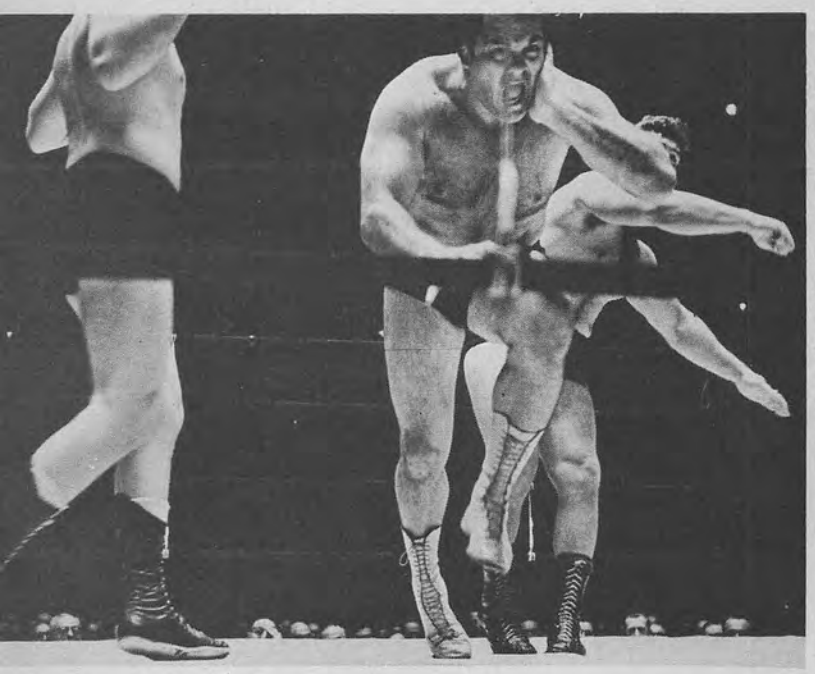


Maurice strains to touch Boris (left) so he can get in his licks against McClarity. But Don shoved backward to keep Malenko out of reach and finally flipped Boris.

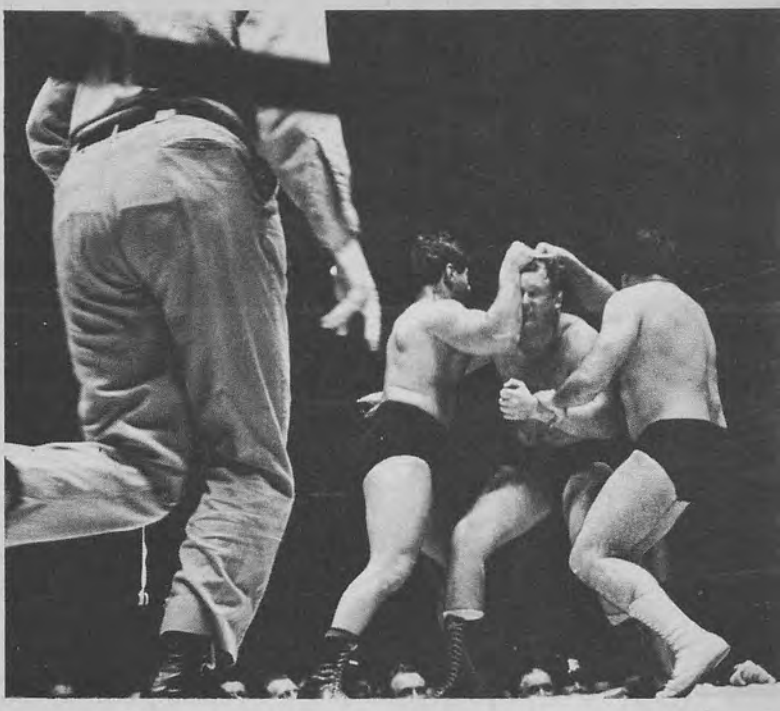
Apollo bounces impatiently on his toes while Boris (on the ropes) whispers strategy to Maurice. The strategy proved disastrous as Vittorio kicked the Magnificent One groggy and then, rebounding off the ropes, slid under Boris and upended him for the pin. The time: 7:47.



In the second fall, Apollo again went to work on Boris, staggering him with dropkicks to the head and body while Don pummeled Maurice in another corner.



Malenko (left) rushes in to aid Maurice as McClarity spins him into the ropes with a blast to the chin.



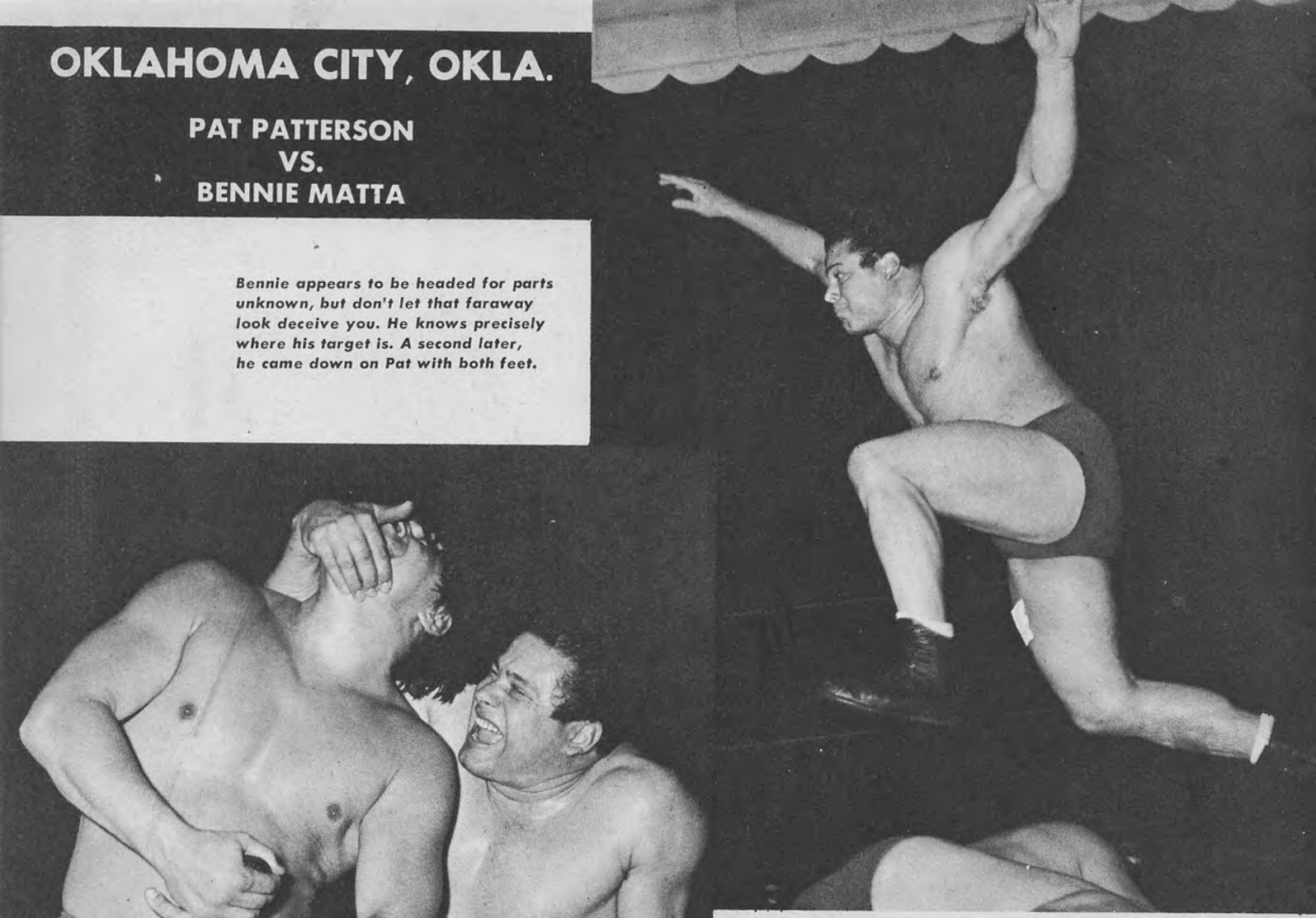
After warning Apollo to stay on ring apron, referee darts in to stop Boris (left) and Maurice from ganging up on Don.

Vittorio's educated toe sends Maurice reeling after comedy of errors involving Maurice and Boris. The mixup started when Boris swung at Apollo and hit his partner instead. Whereupon Maurice slugged Malenko. After repeating the error, Boris beat his head against a ring-post to atone for his mistake.

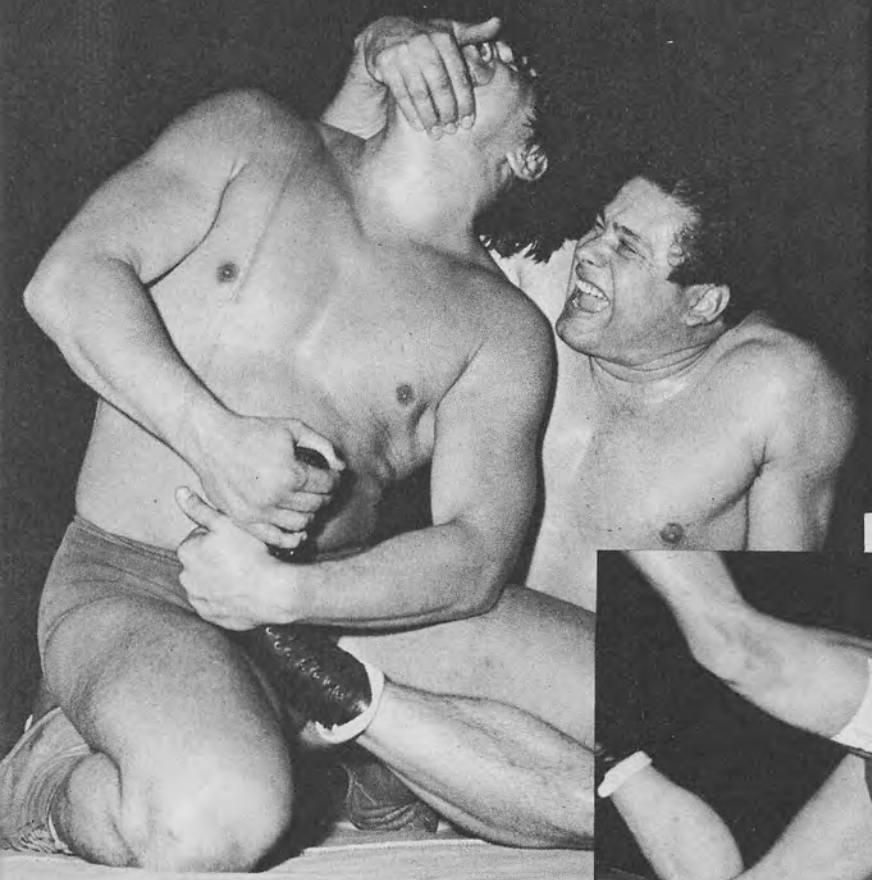
Apollo (left) and McClarity use Boris as a battering ram against Maurice, who is trapped in the ropes. Malenko and Maurice finally broke loose and cornered Vittorio. But the Argentinian shoved Boris at Don and McClarity, disposing of Malenko, then bulldogged the now not so Magnificent One to end the match at 12:20.

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

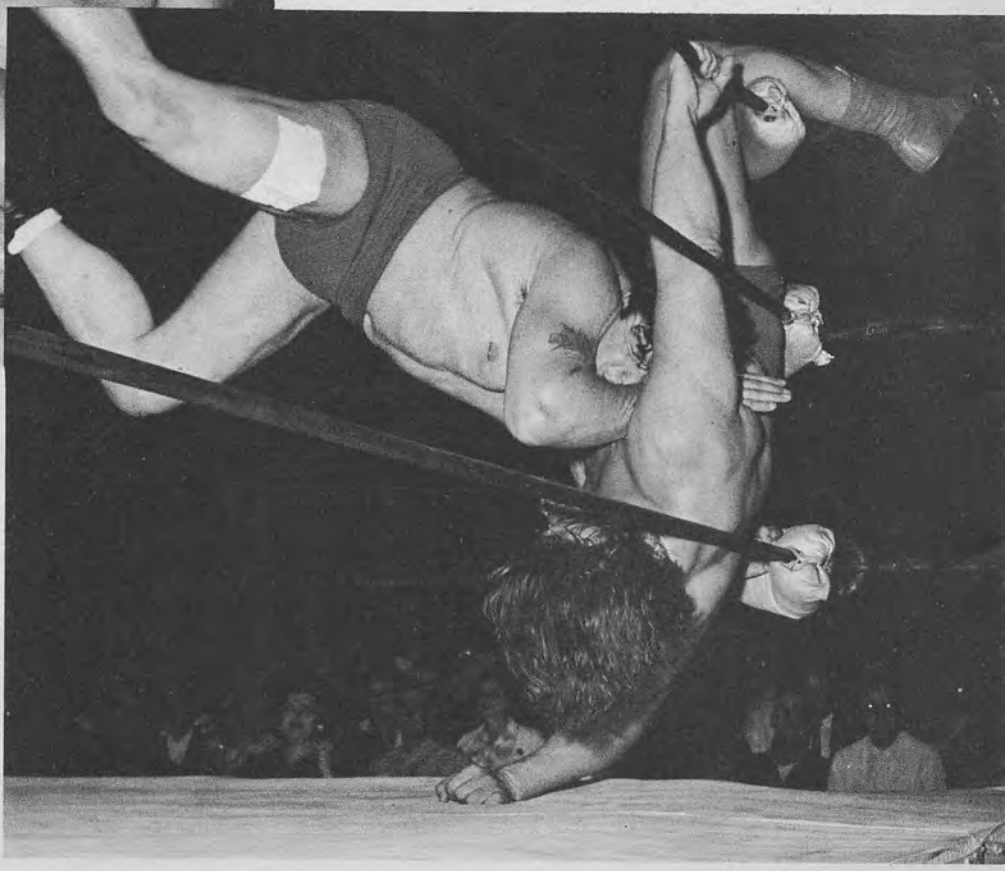
PAT PATTERSON VS. BENNIE MATTA



Bennie appears to be headed for parts unknown, but don't let that faraway look deceive you. He knows precisely where his target is. A second later, he came down on Pat with both feet.



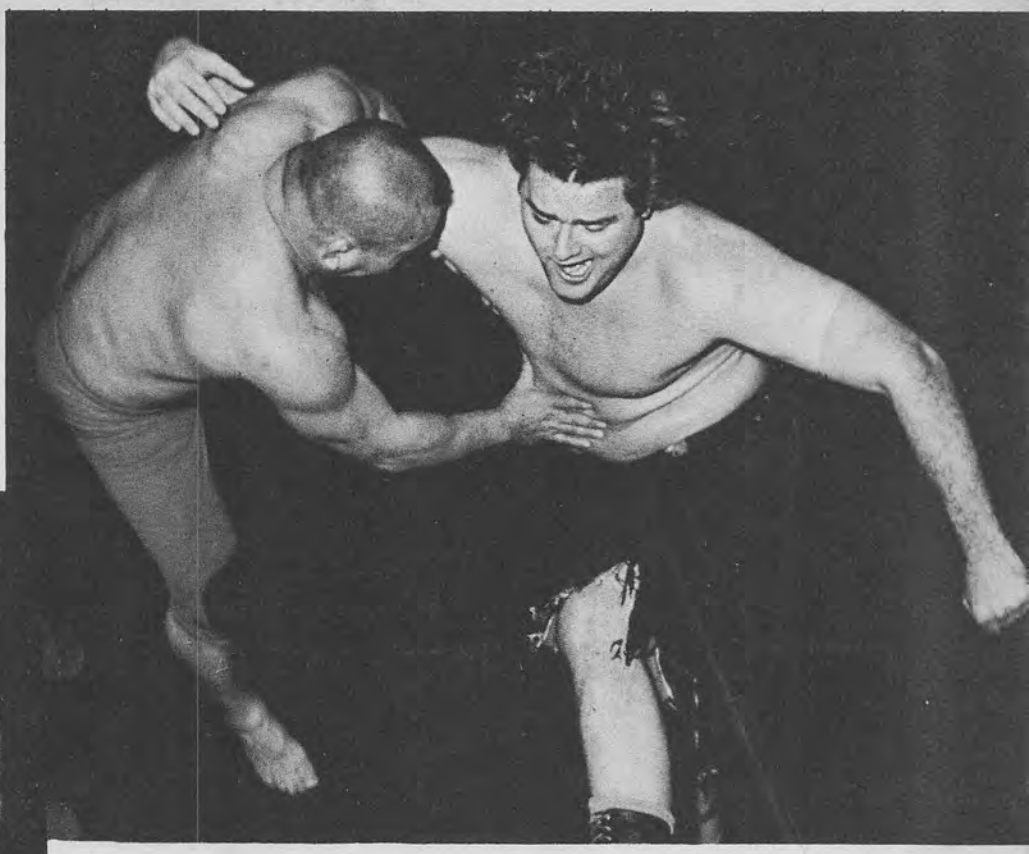
After getting stomped like that, you'd think Pat would be eager to call it a night. But the tough Irishman recovered quickly and clamped a toehold on Matta, who yanked Pat's head back in a desperate attempt to make him let go.



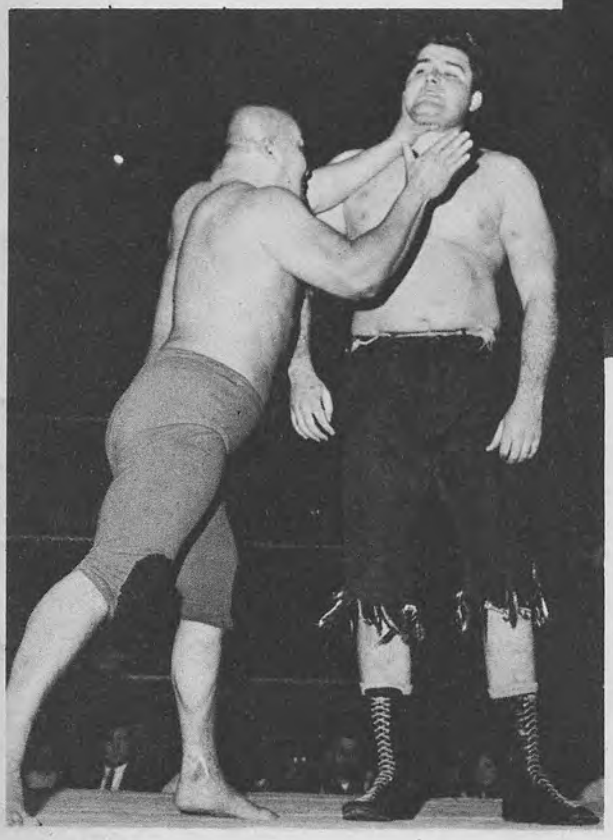
Having evened the score by taking the second fall, Bennie goes all out to wrap up the match by ramming Patterson into the ropes. But Pat, with seconds remaining before the 60-minute limit, surged back to club his opponent into submission.

MOLINE, ILL.

MITSU ARAKAWA VS. MOOSE EVANS

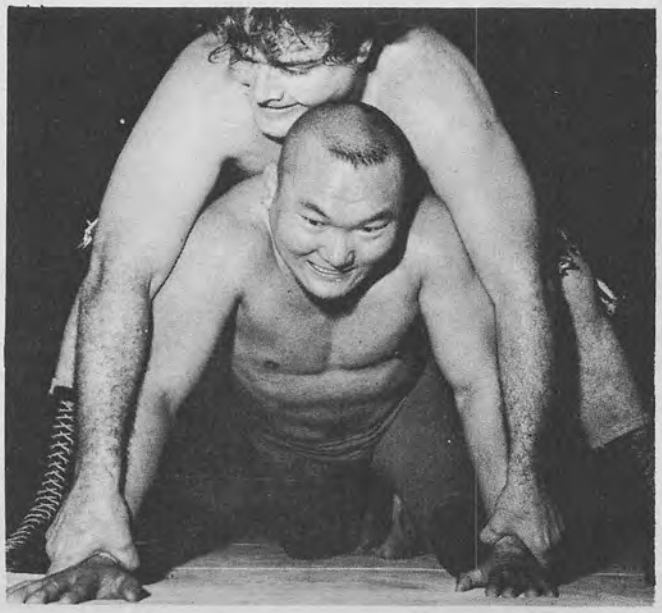


Frustrated in his attempts to hold onto the slippery Arakawa, the Moose resorted to body slams. But the Japanese kept bouncing back with irritating regularity.



Left: Not that Mitsu could do very much. He was more like a bothersome fly to Evans, who looks down contemptuously from his 6'8" height as Arakawa vainly tries to throttle him.

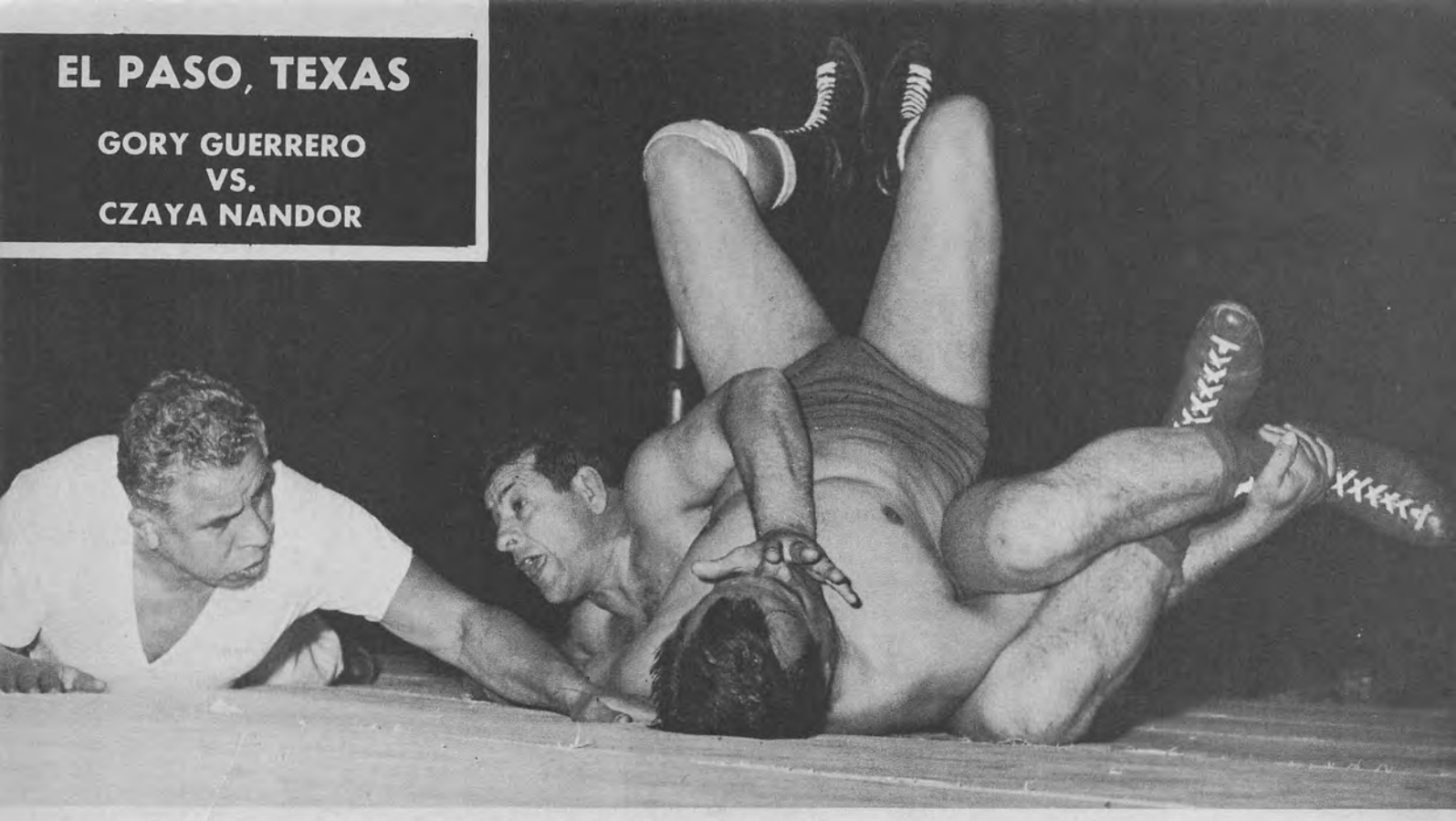
Mitsu was so slippery, in fact, that Moose grabbed his whiskers to keep him from getting away. Evans finally pinned him by sitting on him.



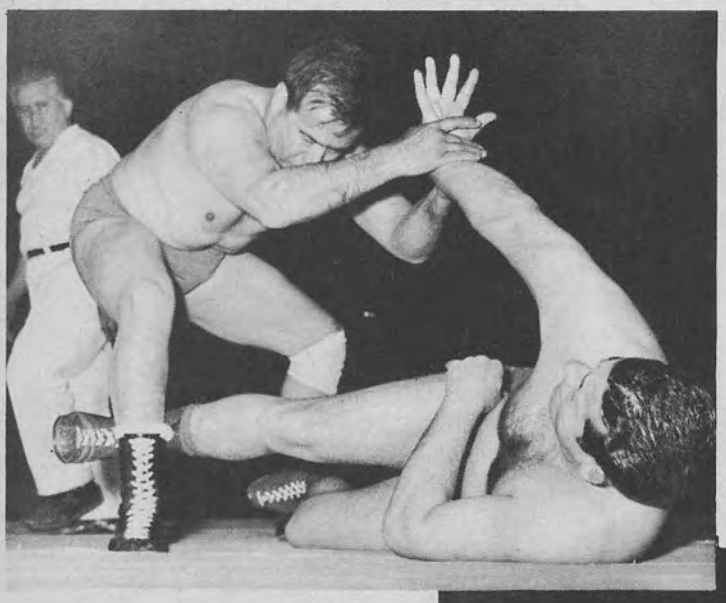
Time after time Moose used his longer reach to trap Mitsu, but the Japanese always managed to wriggle loose. As fast as he is, Evans found it hard to set up Arakawa for the finisher.

EL PASO, TEXAS

GORY GUERRERO VS. CZAYA NANDOR

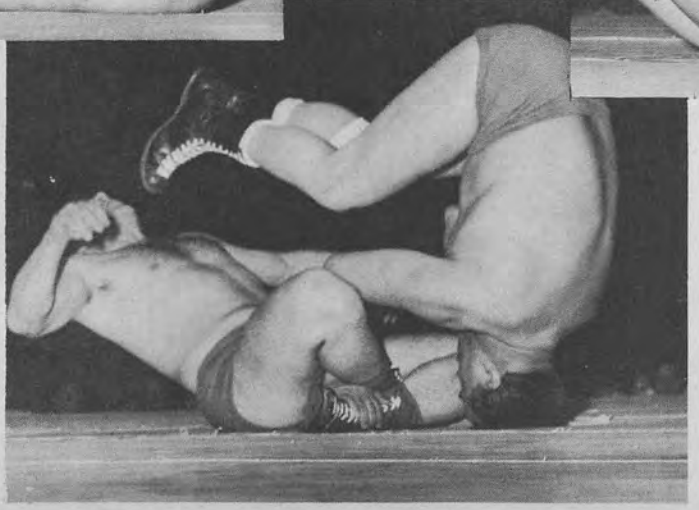


Is Gory pinned—or isn't he? While referee stoops to check, Nandor presses Guerrero's head to the mat. But the dirty work didn't help. See below, left.



Left: Gory swung out of Czaya's leg hold with a back roll and made him yell with pain as he applied pressure on his wrist. Nandor had to kick Guerrero in the gut to break loose.

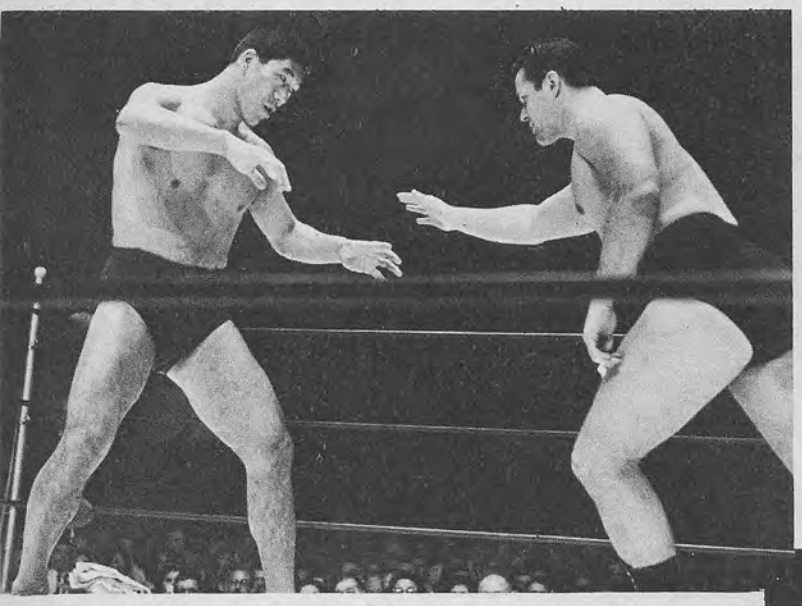
Though 200-pound Guerrero was outweighed by 20 pounds, he had no trouble tossing his Canadian opponent all over the mat. Here, he gives hometown El Paso fans a thrill by breaking out of Nandor's leg scissors with a backflip that nearly cracked Czaya's neck.



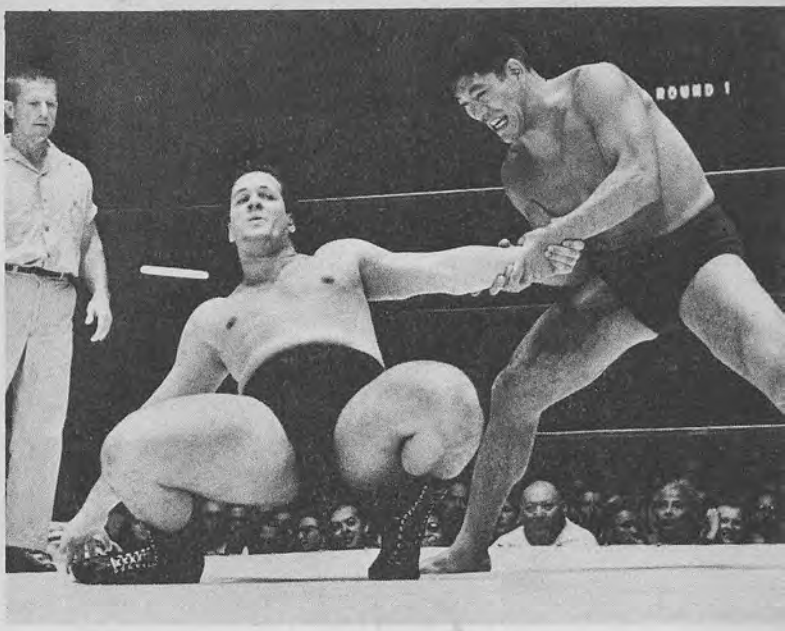
Once he got rolling, nothing could stop Guerrero. The bout exploded to a climax in less than a minute when Gory nailed Nandor in a leg-lock and, standing on his head, kicked him into submission.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

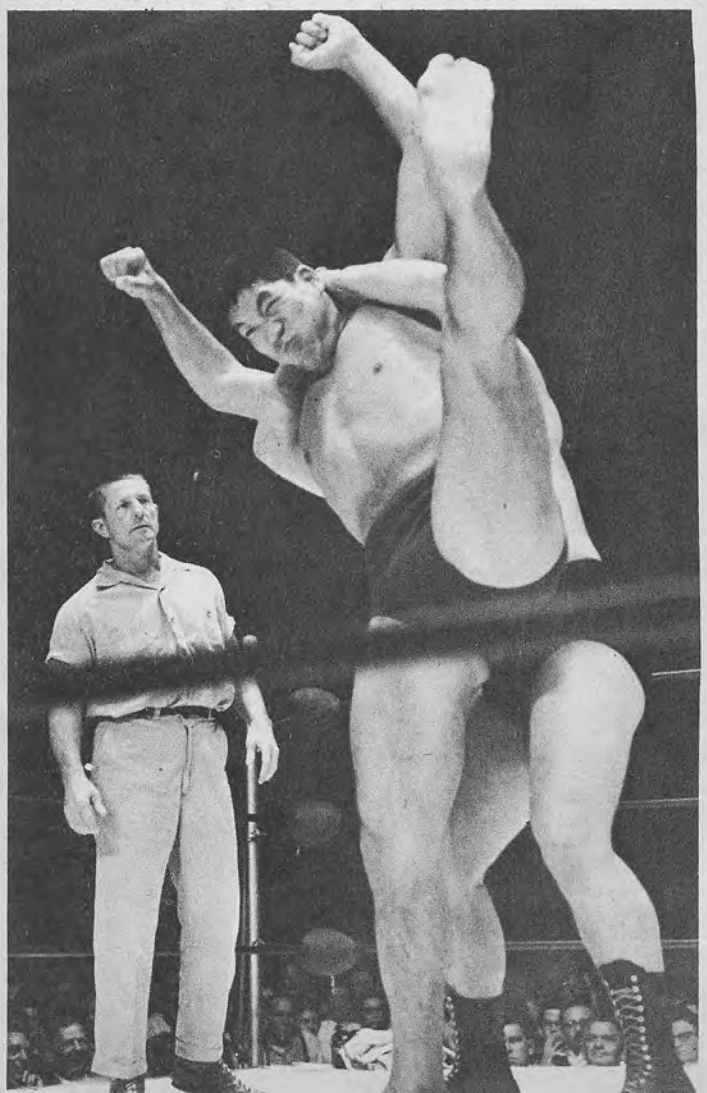
DON JARDINE VS. SHOHEI BABA



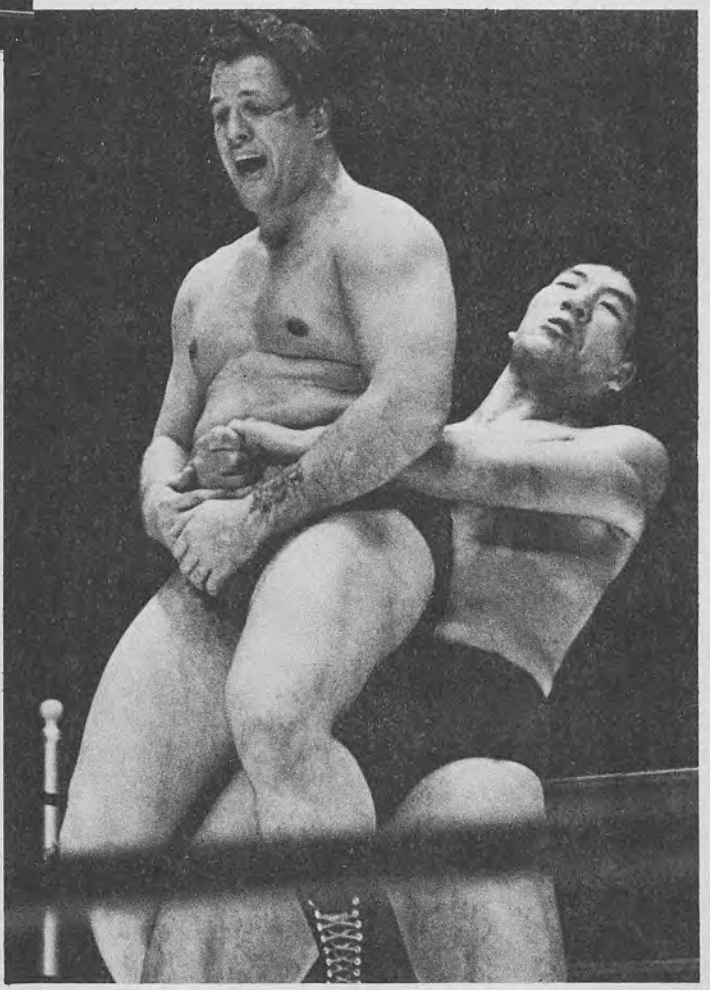
Don (right) had heard so much about giant Baba's frightening power that he decided to play it cagey at the start.



But the 7'1" Japanese, whose catlike movements belie his 318 pounds, doesn't like to waste time circling around. Grabbing Don's wrist, he forced him backward to the mat.



Left: As Shohei got ready to pounce, Don scrambled up behind him and caught him with a full nelson. Straining to break the hold, Baba sticks his foot out in an effort to touch the ropes.



Failing to reach his target, Shohei drew on his tremendous strength and threw Don over his head. Then, hoisting Jardine, he softened him for the pin by squeezing the breath out of him.

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NATION-WIDE WRESTLING RESULTS

(Reported by Boxing Illustrated correspondents)

BALTIMORE, MD. The Bob Ellis-Great Scott bout ended in a double disqualification. Bud Cody and Gordon Nelson topped Skull Murphy and Pepe Figuroa. Pampero Firpo beat Tom Martin. Kostos Pappalazaros topped Lou Albano. Rita Cortez defeated Carol Little in two out of three falls.

LINCOLN, NEB. — Killer Karl Cox won on a disqualification over The Sheik. Bobby Managoff drew with Rocky Hamilton. Tarzan Tyler topped Tor Hagen. Chief Little Eagle whipped Corsica Joe.

KANSAS CITY, KAN. — Fritz Von Erich took two out of three falls from Bobo Brazil. The Sheik and The Bruiser were both counted out while slugging each other outside the ring. John Kostas won on a disqualification over Ike Eakins. Gino Marella topped Rocky Lee. Cowboy Bradley whipped Tiny Roe. Dot Dotson lost to Evelyn Stevens.

ORLANDO, FLA. — Don Curtis and Joe Scarpa drew with the Von Braunner brothers. Billy Parks topped Jim Wright. Ali Bey disposed of Bulldog Lawley.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND — Two old rivals, the Bruiser and Wilbur Snyder, teamed up to inflict one of the worst (and bloodiest) defeats on Stan and Art Neilson. A standing room only crowd roared their approval as the Neilsons dropped two straight falls. Haystacks Muldoon defeated Don Jardine. Pee Wee Lopez whipped Marcel Senard. Rip Collins topped Gene Murphy. Chuck Conley won over Johnny Heideman.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK. — Dan Hodge successfully defended his junior heavyweight title by whipping Joe McCarthy in a bitterly fought battle. In a tag match, Jan Madrid and Louis Tillet were too smart and fast for Jackie Nichols and Tiny Smith.

LITCHFIELD, ILL. — Pat O'Connor won two straight falls from Stan Stasiak. Marcel Dupont and Lorenzo Parente defeated Duke Keomoka and Rocky Lee. Cowboy Bradley topped Tiny Roe (midgets). Corsica Joe drew with veteran Joe Millich.

SACRAMENTO, CALIF. — Ray Stevens lost the first fall, then bounced to take the next two and the match from tough Kinji Shibuya. Pepper Gomez teamed with Luis Martinez to defeat Don Manoukian and Karl Von Brock. Leo Nomellini pinned Mike Valentino. Mitsu Arakawa threw Emile Dupre. George Scott topped Chico Garcia.

SACRAMENTO, CALIF. — Ray Stevens whipped Joe Brunetti. Kinji Shibuya won two out of three falls from Red Bastein. Pepper Gomez topped The Alaskan. Hercules Cortez pinned Mike Valentino. Don Manoukian won from Guy Brunetti. Mitsu Arakawa used his famous claw hold to down Ronnie Etchinson.

WASHINGTON, D. C. — Bob Ellis defeated Lou Albano. Pompero Firpo outgunned Luis Torres. Brute Bernard and Skull Murphy won over Carlos Milano and Pete Sanchez. Mark Lewin trimmed Angelo Savoldi in two straight falls. In the main event, Antonino Rocca whipped Larry Simon.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. — The Kalmikoff brothers went to a draw against Don Leo Jonathan and Ilio DiPaolo. Bobo Brazil topped Steve Stanlee. Bob Stanlee won over Howard Martin. Eric Pomeroy pinned Diamond Jim Brady. Bobby Graham and Tony Marino teamed up to defeat the Scufflin' Hillbillies.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH. — Lou Klein (Bastien) lost on disqualification to The Great Bolo. Rickie Cortez defeated Tony Parisi. The Alaskan had an easy time whipping Danny Ferazza with a bear hug. Joe Motti topped Tim Hampton with a full-nelson.

(continued on next page)

LOU KLEIN, once known as Lou Bastien, writes that he is teaming up with LARRY CHENE and expects to share with Larry the World's Tag Team Championship within a year. Meanwhile, Lou is having a running feud with the GREAT BOLO. They have been hacking away at each other in what is called "Texas Style Death" matches. The rules for this form of legalized murder are simple: No pins count. The only way a victory can be had is when somebody quits.

Did you know that BIG MOOSE CHOLAK scored a tremendous upset win over CRUSHER LISOWSKI in Madison, Wisconsin on April 4th? But Crusher wasn't exactly beaten in the true sense of the word. Here's what happened: Lisowski won the first fall by picking up the 365-pound Moose and slamming him to the floor. Cholak zoomed back to take the second fall with a body press. Soon after the third and deciding fall got underway, Crusher was shoved out of the ring by Moose who came running out after him. A furious melee took place as the men slugged each other all over the arena. Meanwhile the referee was counting away. But Cholack was carefully listening to the count. When the referee yelled "Sixteen," Moose made sure he was close enough to the ring to jump back in before the fatal twenty was reached. By the time Lisowski realized what was going on it was too late. He had been counted out.

MIKE AND DOC GALLAGHER returned to action as a team after a long layoff to whip the KALMIKOFFS in Buffalo's Memorial Auditorium. Good to see Mike and Doc back together. They're a fabulous tag team.

"THE LISTENING POST"

Handsome DOUG GILBERT taking Minnesota by storm. A truly gifted wrestler with an enormous following. Doug holds victories over Pat O'Connor, Bob Geigel and the great Verne Gagne.

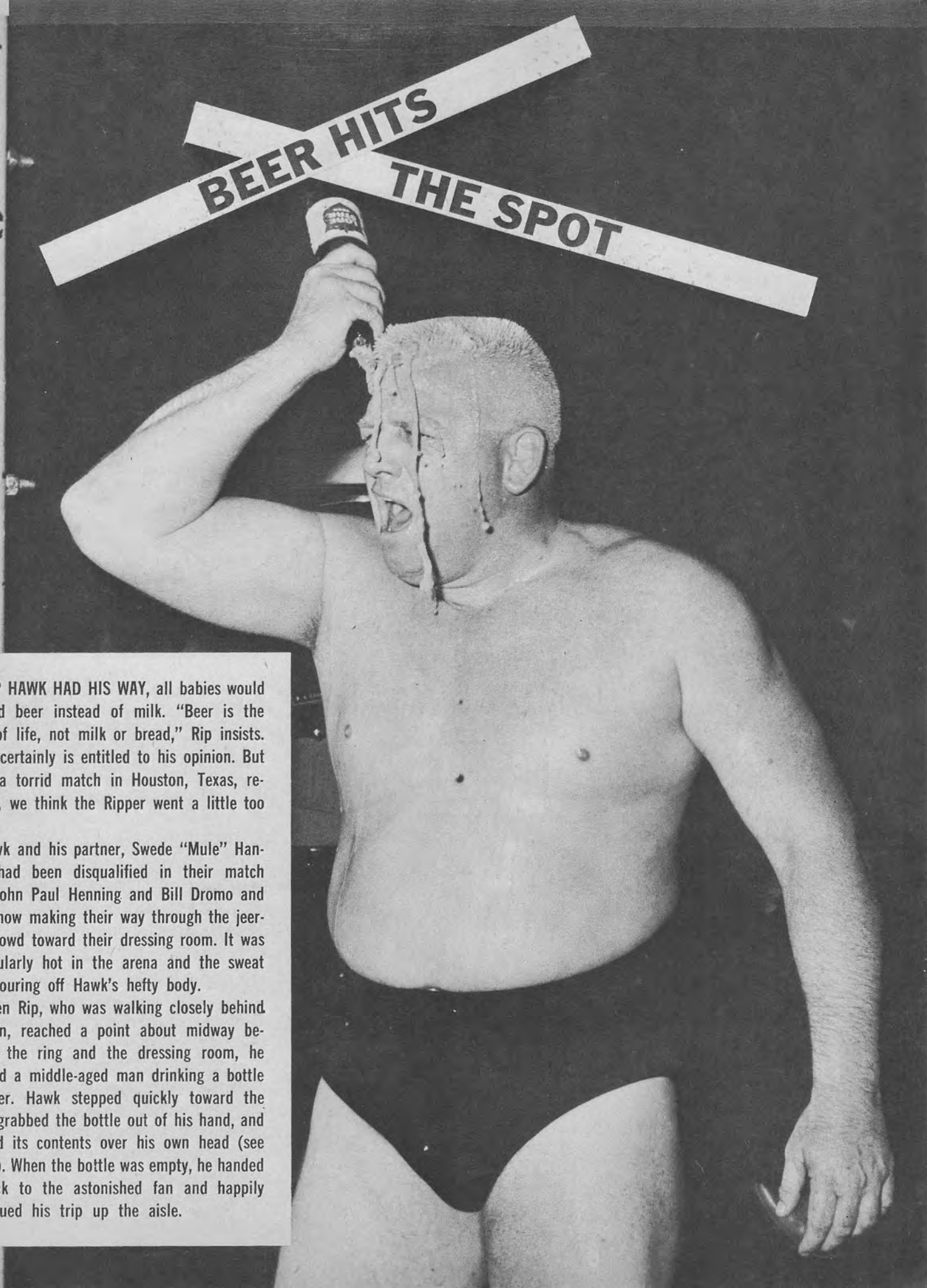
Around Iowa the big noise is a monster of a man billed "THE MONGOL." Before a [illegible] went out to the Dakotas, and wrestled as "M". Thus we were not as crazy as it might have appeared. We were, you see, TWO Mr. "M's" wrestling in different localities a short time ago.

Another Regular

MONTHLY FEATURE

that has captivated the wrestling world is that delightfully informative bundle of facts and rumors published under the heading "Listening Post." Read it once and we guarantee that you'll never miss it again. It can be found ONLY in BOXING ILLUSTRATED-WRESTLING NEWS, naturally.

BEER HITS THE SPOT



IF RIP HAWK HAD HIS WAY, all babies would be fed beer instead of milk. "Beer is the staff of life, not milk or bread," Rip insists.

He certainly is entitled to his opinion. But after a torrid match in Houston, Texas, recently, we think the Ripper went a little too far.

Hawk and his partner, Swede "Mule" Hanson, had been disqualified in their match with John Paul Henning and Bill Dromo and were now making their way through the jeering crowd toward their dressing room. It was particularly hot in the arena and the sweat was pouring off Hawk's hefty body.

When Rip, who was walking closely behind Hanson, reached a point about midway between the ring and the dressing room, he spotted a middle-aged man drinking a bottle of beer. Hawk stepped quickly toward the man, grabbed the bottle out of his hand, and poured its contents over his own head (see photo). When the bottle was empty, he handed it back to the astonished fan and happily continued his trip up the aisle.

WALDO VON ERICH

Continued from page 54

Waldo gave our cameraman a hard time before he agreed to pose for this picture. "All right," he growled finally, "but make it snappy or I'll break your arm."

apart again, then decided there was no point giving the fans a free show. As he stalked off, Ursus helped Al Ward to his feet, slung him over his back and carried him back to the dressing room.

After that notorious night in Regina, Waldo stretched out opponents in Edmonton, Saskatoon, Moose Jaw, Calgary . . . And in each town, he left fans sputtering with rage over his brutal tactics and demanding that his Prussian kneedrop and leglock be outlawed along with his claw hold.

Von Erich's reaction to such demands was typical: "What's wrong with these tactics? They're perfectly legal. If those fans don't like the way I destroy their favorites, then they should stay home and watch TV."

Pierre LaSalle, the tough French-Canadian, thought he could lick Von Erich when he found a way to avoid the kneedrop. But in doing so, he left himself open for Waldo's leglock and had to use crutches for the next three weeks.

Listening to Von Erich brag about his conquests, you'd never suspect he ever lost a match. But Luis Hernandez, for one, cracked Waldo's strategy in another match, at Edmonton, and he did it simply by getting Waldo's goat.

When Waldo loses his temper, you see, he goes berserk, with the result that he's easily suckered into a trap. This is what happened in the Hernandez bout.

Von Erich's Germanic brain, which normally functions with deadly precision, is scrambled by unexpected situations. In such instances, Waldo has only one solution for getting out of trouble: he lowers his head and charges. But Luis neatly sidestepped and sent Waldo sprawling with an elbow smash.

Typically, Waldo refused to admit he'd been defeated. "He took unfair advantage of me!" he bellowed after the match. "When the referee wasn't looking, he stuck his finger in my eye, then he hit me under the chin with his knee. If he hadn't done that, I would have killed him, because he is nothing but a weakling."

Von Erich has no respect for weaklings. He made that plain when I prevailed on him to grant me an interview. At first he flatly refused, saying: "I don't give interviews. Besides, I'm too busy—so get the hell out of here!"

I was about to give up when I decided to try a different tack. "That's too bad," I said, "because Germany has exported many fine wrestlers in the past few years, and the fans would like to know more about them . . ."

He turned on me savagely. "There are only *two* real Germans wrestling in North America today," he said. "Me and my brother, Fritz.

"In the Fatherland, children are raised very strictly and have to obey without question. The same holds true for our athletic training. We don't leave any stone unturned in learning everything there is to learn . . ."

"Who would you say is the better wrestler — you or your brother?"

"You must be hard of hearing," he scowled. "I said *me* and my brother, not my brother and me. I have never wrestled him in competition. He helped me a lot in training, but since then I haven't seen too much of him. We were actually never very close as brothers. He is quite a bit older than me. By the time I grew up he was always away from home on wrestling tours. But he taught me everything he knew, and I added a few things of my own. So I know everything he knows and then some. That proves I'm better . . ."

This information will undoubtedly come as a surprise to Fritz who, though he resembles Waldo, has disclosed (WR April/64) that he left Berlin as a tot and was reared and schooled in Texas. But I didn't dare say anything about this to Waldo because I was afraid he might snap off my arm.

Besides, he was already elaborating on his thesis that "the world is populated with weaklings" and that "I live by the law of the jungle — survival of the fittest."

As contemptuous as he is of weaklings, Waldo hates cowards even more. "I can excuse a man for having no talent," he says. "This is something that can't be helped. In fact, there's some reason to pity him. But what is worse is a coward and a liar."

Von Erich's blast was triggered by Tex McKenzie, who claimed he had broken Waldo's famous leg hold. Not so, Waldo growled. "Certanly not by any legal means. He used a dirty trick to break my hold." What "dirty trick"? Waldo refused to say.

Asked why he considered McKenzie a "coward," Von Erich snapped: "Because he won't get into the ring with me. I dared him many times, but he always has some excuse. A man should not be a coward."

Waldo's appraisal of McKenzie was premature. Tex subsequently did get into the ring with him. And while he lost he definitely proved he was no coward. Unlike Von Erich, gentlemanly Tex had only praise for his opponent. "He's a helluva wrestler," he said, "but I think I'll have no trouble beating him the next time."

How did he figure that?

"Well," Tex said, "I learned that Waldo has a one-track mind. Get him off that track and he becomes just another wrestler."

What did Tex propose to do to untrack him?

"That," smiled Tex, "is *my* secret." ■

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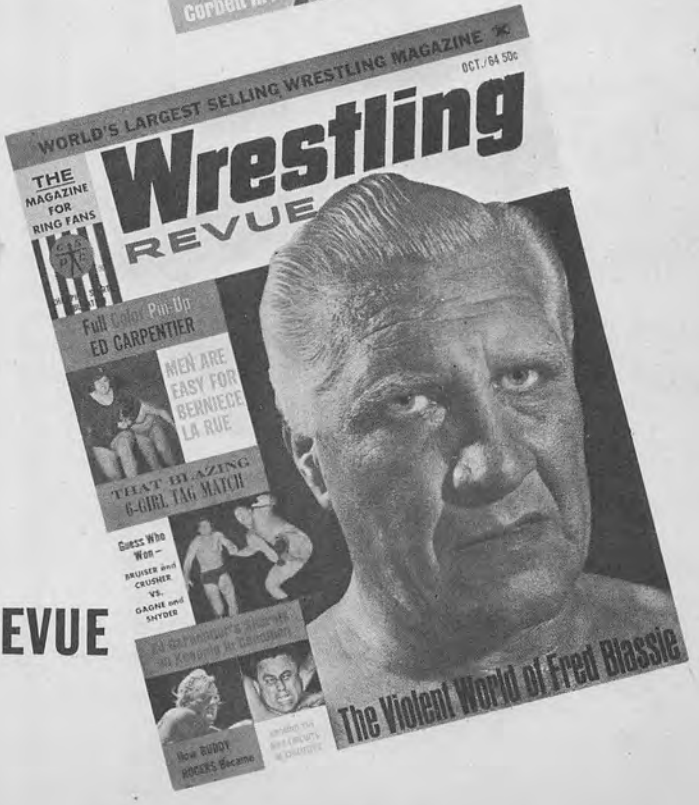

Official Wrestling Ratings

These ratings, which are compiled with the full authority and approval of The National Wrestling Alliance, professional wrestling's top governing body, are universally accepted as "Official."

Male

1—LOU THESZ
2—BRUNO SAMMARTINO
3—FRED BLASSIE
4—RAY STEVENS
5—VERNE GAGNE
6—ED CARPENTIER
7—EDDIE GRAHAM
8—THE BRUISER
9—GENE KINISKI
10—FRITZ VON ERICH

Female

1—JUNE BYERS
2—PENNY BANNER
3—JUDY GRABLE
4—RITA CORTEZ
5—FABULOUS MOOLAH
6—KAREN KELLOGG
7—ANNE CASEY
8—MARS MONROE
9—JEAN ANTONE
10—FRAN GRAVETTE

Tag Team

1—PEPPER GOMEZ & JOSE LOTHARIO
2—THE KANGAROOS
3—SKULL MURPHY & BRUTE BERNARD
4—GEORGE & SANDY SCOTT
5—HANS & MAX MORTIER
6—THE DALTONS
7—JERRY & BOB CHRISTY
8—LUKE & JERRY GRAHAM
9—THE HILLBILLIES
10—VITTORIO APOLLO & PEDRO MORALES

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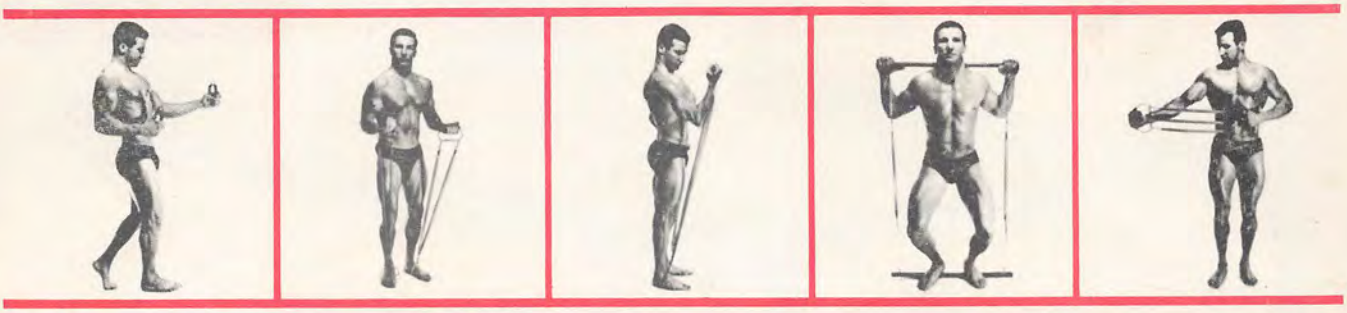

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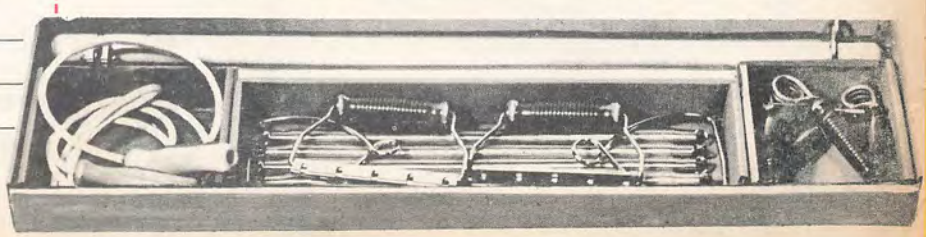
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